

COMPLETE STORY: THE FURNISHING OF PAT MAGUIRE

The

Leisure Hour

JOHN BROWN OF HARPER'S FERRY

JOURNALISM IN FRANCE



RT&C

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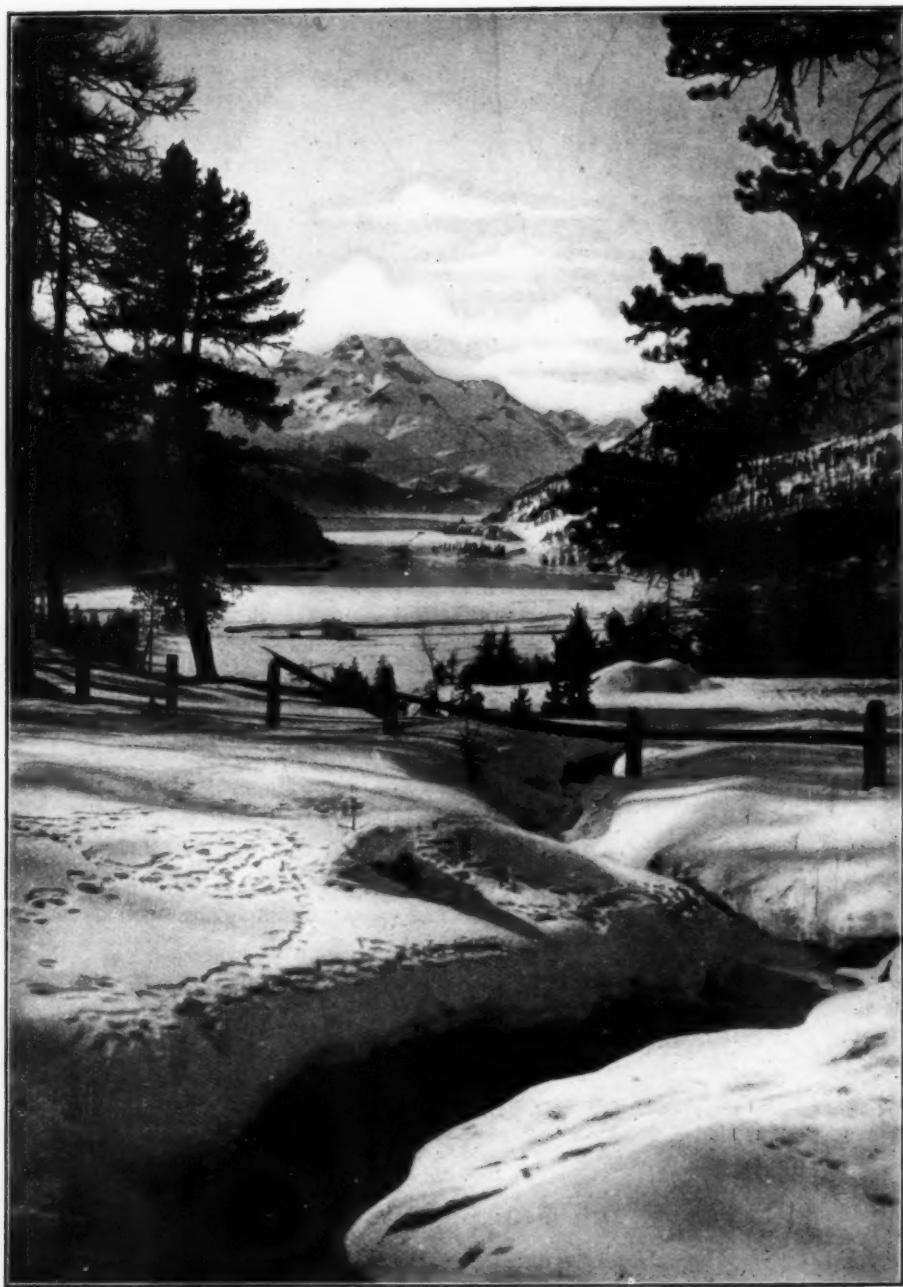


Photo by G. R. Ballance

WINTER SCENE IN THE OBER ENGADINE: CAMFER LAKE IN THE DISTANCE

The Intriguers

BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE story opens in an old inn in Paris in August 1714. There Rosamund Welby and her companion, Fräulein Groesbeck, are awaiting the arrival of Rupert Frayne, Rosamund's lover, whom she wants to detach from the Jacobite cause.

In another room in the same hotel Gachette, Starbuck and Leicester North are hatching a Jacobite plot to intercept the new King of England, George I., on his way from Herrenhausen through Holland to London. They see a woman disappearing, and conclude that Rosamund Welby has been listening at the door.

Starbuck is the man chosen to go to Venlo and give the other conspirators warning of the route of the new King. On his way at night to meet them at Horst, he falls in with four armed horsemen, with whom he fights desperately. He is unhorsed and left for dead, after being deprived of important secret papers which he carried.

Rosamund Welby, remaining in Paris, is handed a letter, telling her that Rupert Frayne has been thrown from his horse and carried to a house at Vincennes. The bearer, whom she has previously seen in conversation with Leicester North and Gachette, offers to escort her to Vincennes in the conveyance which he has brought, and she goes with him.

CHAPTER VII

"La beauté n'est jamais étrangère"

AN hour and a half later, the carriage drew up in front of a château at Vincennes—a long, low building having but one floor above that which was on the ground, although, above this first floor, there appeared to be some garrets in what had by this time come to be known as a Mansard roof. This château was indeed a building such as, regarded from its front, would perhaps have been considered by a stranger who might observe it for the first time as simply one of those many residences which stood at the period on the outskirts of Paris and were inhabited by the noblesse of France.

But—the door was at the entrance to the left of the long, low house, and, as the vehicle arrived at this spot, Rosamund was perfectly able to see that, beyond the château and surrounded not only by a moat but by, also, a strongly fortified wall, there was something else, something which—even to a mind as innocent of all knowledge of fortresses and prisons as was hers—could not be misunderstood. This something was the Donjon of Vincennes—a huge square tower, some eighty to a hundred feet in height . . . black, massive, and of threatening appearance.

"Why!—why!" asked Rosamund of the man who had accompanied her, "why have they brought him here? Surely this is no place for one who has been injured. Ah!" she cried, understanding now, or thinking

that she understood, "this is the prison of Vincennes!" While, to herself, she said, "Yet, what crime has he committed beyond that of being a Jacobite? And, even here in France, that is no sin, although Louis now throws in his lot with George of Hanover. What does it—what can it mean?"

"Nay, mademoiselle," said her companion, who had spoken little since they had set out from Paris an hour ago—answering now her outspoken remark. "Nay, mademoiselle, this is not the fortress—the prison—of Vincennes, though that is," and he directed his glance towards the great tower looming up so near. "But it is not to that we go. You see, there is no prison here."

And, in truth, it appeared to be as he said, since now that door at the end of the long, low château opened and a man appeared at it who certainly bore about him no signs of a jailor; certainly no signs of what, to the girl's mind, would have indicated that he was one; she deeming that those creatures would be roughly clothed, while presenting forbidding aspects and having huge bunches of keys hanging, perhaps, to their sides. For Rosamund had read the romances and seen the dramas of the day, in both England and France, and warders and jailors had always been thus depicted in them all. But this servant who appeared in answer to the driver's summons was quite different from such men. Instead, he was clad in a sombre, decorous suit of black, with inexpensive but clean

The Intriguers

lace about his breast and wrists; with a bleached full-bob wig—that of servitors—and with, thrown over his shoulders, a thin silver chain. Nor were his features hard and severe, but rather mild and benevolent, and befitting, as it seemed to Rosamund, some ancient serving-man or butler to a noble family.

Seeing the girl within the coach; noting, too, her fashionable attire, her long philomot cloak with its ample hood, or *capuchon*, he gave two solemn bows as he stood within the door, and then, advancing to the carriage, opened the door of it while holding out an arm for her to place her hand upon, as though to indicate that she should alight.

"And Monsieur Frayne," she asked, "Monsieur Frayne? Where is he? shall I see him at once? I pray you take me to him."

"If madame will give herself the trouble to enter," the servitor said, with a glance over Rosamund's shoulder at her companion, "I will send word that she is here. I beg of madame to follow me."

Whereon, turning round to that companion, she said, "Remain in the carriage until I return," while as she spoke she followed the other into the château, not seeing that the former, as he bowed low in acknowledgment of her orders, hid thereby a sinister smirk which appeared on his features.

Continuing to follow the servant, she found herself being led to the back of the château through a long passage adorned in many places with arms and hunting trophies, as well as with, in some instances, pictures; several of them being the portraits of beautiful women, while also, since the windows were all open on this bright and sunny day of early September, she observed through them a well-kept garden with shady trees in it from which the now slightly bronzed leaves had not yet begun to fall. She noticed, too, that it was gay with parterres of flowers.

"A pretty spot," she murmured to herself, "and one in which an injured man need not repine at having to remain." Then, even as she thought thus, the servant opened the door of a room while muttering a few words as to sending to her some one whose name she did not catch, and withdrew.

"Doubtless it was the nurse he spoke of," Rosamund pondered to herself; and, 180

as she had thought when traversing the passage, so she thought again in connection with this room: namely, that it and its surroundings were pretty ones. It was handsomely furnished with rich hangings and pictures and ornaments, its parquet floor was carpeted in the middle, and there were cut flowers in bowls and vases. There was also a spinning-wheel in one corner, though, since it was highly ornamented with gilding, Rosamund thought it was more possibly some lady's plaything than an instrument of actual use. That this apartment (with its four long, narrow windows opening on to a crushed-shell path which wound round a splashing fountain into a shrubbery beyond) was used by ladies, she could not doubt. For there were other things to prove that her own sex often occupied it: a piece of half-finished embroidery lay upon a table with, left in it, a needle threaded with yellow silk, and there was also a work-bag; while, thrown down upon them, doubtless in careless haste, was a comedy of Regnard's—the dramatist beloved of French ladies of the day. And, also, as though to add to the home-like nature of the place, from the garden there entered through one of the long windows a little spaniel with a cherry-coloured riband round its neck, which, on seeing the girl standing there, wagged its tail and jumped about her playfully, it causing to tinkle thereby a little sweet-toned bell that was fastened to the riband.

"And I deemed this a prison to which they had brought Rupert," she mused; "this, which is surely some happy home. Ah! he should be—"

But she stopped in her meditation on observing that the door of the room was opening now, and by seeing a moment later a gentleman come in through it.

A gentleman, tall, handsome, and charmingly though soberly dressed in a plum-coloured suit adorned with choice lace, and carrying at his side a court sword worn for adornment and not for use. One, too, who, on seeing her—and after one swift glance at her sweet face—bowed not only with an easy grace but with an air of profound homage, and then, with some words of politeness, begged her to be seated. A man who, as Rosamund divined in the first moment, was an aristocrat and used to courts and court fashions.

Then she, observing—even as she

The Intriguers

acknowledged his courtesy while accepting the seat he so graciously besought her to occupy—that this gentleman looked a little inquiringly at her, exclaimed :

" Ah! monsieur, I hope that without intruding too much upon your hospitality, I may be permitted to see Monsieur Frayne. I have come in haste from Paris to do so."

" To see Monsieur Frayne! " the gentleman repeated, with a look of surprise on his face. " To see Monsieur Frayne! Madame will pardon me—but—I am—confused. I—"

" Oh! sir. Do not hesitate to let me see him," the girl cried, while on her face there came a blush which he who regarded it considered divine. " For—for we are," and still the blush deepened, " compatriots—friends. And—and—although I am a stranger—a foreigner—"

" Madame," the gentleman murmured, " a beautiful woman is never a stranger, a foreigner, in any land."

" Ah! sir, spare me compliments, I beseech you. For, gracious as they are, I am so distraught at hearing of Monsieur Frayne's accident, of his being brought here, that I—"

But now she was forced to pause in whatever she might have intended to say, since her companion's face testified such extreme surprise at her words that she was confounded. Surprise so strongly indicated that it was impossible she should ignore it.

" Monsieur! " she cried now, and as she did so she rose to her feet and stood facing him with her left hand above her heart, while her agitation was so marked that it imparted to her beauty an altered appearance which he again thought to be—in a different way—divine. " Monsieur, what is it? What? What does your manner mean? Why may I not see Mr. Frayne? "

For a moment the other stood regarding her, his eyes still upon her charms, though it was not of these that he was thinking now. No! not of them! but of something far different. Of how innocent she was, and of how there must be some scoundrels in the world, in Paris, who were plotting against her happiness, her freedom—perhaps, her life.

" Answer me, sir," she said. " Answer me, I implore you."

Then, speaking very gently, he did answer her.

" Madame," he said, " you have been deceived, and basely—"

" Deceived. Ah! How? How? By whom? "

" There is no Monsieur Frayne here. No one of that name has been brought here, nor any person wounded or ailing."

" What! " she cried. " What! He is not here! Yet, why, then, a letter which I received penned by some one on his behalf, because he was unable to write himself? And for what reason am I brought here on such an errand? Alas! what reason is there for this trick, this ruse? And why cajole me to this spot? "

Disturbed by her agitation and sore at heart at reflecting on how the girl must have been hoodwinked into coming to Vincennes—for he quickly divined why the ruse had been played upon her—the other said in a voice low and full of sympathy :

" Madame knows doubtless where she is. That she is in the Château de Vincennes!"

" Yes—the Château de Vincennes. I do know it. But, oh! " she cried again, while throwing out her hands before her as though to ward off some horrid idea that had sprung into, that was springing into, her mind—" No, no! Not the prison of Vincennes. Not that! Not that! It is impossible."

" There is but little difference," the gentleman almost whispered now. " The Donjon is the actual prison—for—for malefactors, State prisoners, criminals. But here in the Château, there are other prisoners—sometimes."

" But I! " Rosamund cried, indeed wailed, " What can I have done? I, an English woman! what reason can I have been sent here for? what enemy can I have? For that an enemy has done this thing is certain."

" I cannot say. Yet—madame, my grief is most poignant! I am desolated to have to say what I must say, but I hold in my hand a *lettre de cachet* bearing your name and handed to me by the exempt who accompanied you in the carriage from Paris."

" The exempt! " Rosamund said between her sobs, for she was sobbing now in her grief and terror. " The exempt! Was he that? Ah, no! it must be all some horrible, terrible error. There can be no *lettre de cachet* filled up in my name. It is impossible. And, monsieur—I ask it not rudely—who are you who hold such warrant for my detention? "

The Intriguers

"Madame," the other said with a courtly bow; with, too, a tone in his voice which, even in her misery, the girl could not doubt was one of sympathy and compassion, "I am the Marquis du Châtelet and—Governor of Vincennes."

"Ah!" she cried—and this time her hands were outstretched as though to fend herself from him—"ah! I am lost," while, sinking now into the fauteuil by her side, she buried her head in her hands and sobbed bitterly.

"Nay," the Marquis said, coming near to and bending over her, "nay, I beseech you, do not weep. Take heart, be cheered. Your detention may be of the shortest—of not a month—nor a week; the more so that some mistake must have been made." Though, as he spoke, he knew very well that nothing was less likely than that any mistake could have been made. The warrant, the *mittimus*, to detain the girl was too clearly made out for that; "Rosamund Welby, Englishwoman," was too plainly and distinctly written to allow that supposition to exist in his mind for a moment. Yet, since he had been Governor of Vincennes for so long, he having succeeded the Maréchal de Bellefonds at his death, he understood very clearly that the unhappy girl had spoken only too truly when she exclaimed that an enemy had done this thing. For Du Châtelet knew well enough that, in Paris, there were innumerable *lettres de cachet* made out in blank and given to persons possessing interest and power, which could be filled up by those persons at any moment. *Lettres de cachet* for the Bastille, for Vincennes, for Bicêtre, which, once placed in the hands of an exempt, were sure to be acted upon ere many hours were past, and which, however much they might eventually prove to have been misused or misapplied, were not easily nullified when once the trapped bird was in its cage.

It was a fiendish system; a system as bad as was that other of opening letters written by, or addressed to, suspected persons; one that was conceded by the superb but corrupt monarch now tottering to his grave to all who had claims upon him. Archbishops, presidents of Chambers, military men of high position, Judges, and, of course, the favourites became possessed of them, and the possession was as often as not used with deadly force.

Yet, still, the Marquis du Châtelet could

not at once divine why this girl, young, beautiful and—beyond all doubt—innocent—and she, a stranger, a foreigner, too—should have fallen victim to any French personage of rank who might happen to possess one of those blank warrants which consigned their victims to a living death.

But now, as he meditated on all this and as still Rosamund wept, he addressed her once more very gently, bidding her dry her tears and endeavour to be comforted, while at the same time he told her that for the short period she would be detained at Vincennes—it must, he said emphatically, be but a very short one—she should be treated with the deepest consideration not only by him but by Madame la Marquise.

CHAPTER VIII.—GOD HELP HER!

ONE day began to succeed another, however, and Rosamund received no tidings that her release was at hand or likely to be so ere long. No tidings, although the Marquis told her that he had caused many inquiries to be made in all directions as to why she should thus have been incarcerated in the château over which he presided, while he also added that he had endeavoured to obtain an audience of the old and—it was said—now dying King.

But these efforts had at present proved fruitless: Louis would see no one whom he was not actually forced to receive, his mind being in a state of terror—not at his approaching death, but at what would happen to his soul after death. He was also much distressed at learning through a Dutch gazette (which his Minister Torey, who read such papers to him daily, had stupidly allowed him to peruse for himself) how heavy wagers were being laid in London that he would not be alive many more weeks. Such did not prove to be the case, however, since there was still another year of existence to be accorded him, but the report of these speculations was the cause of his retiring into far greater privacy than he had ever maintained hitherto, and of his refusing to see any but the most important of his subjects.

Consequently, the Marquis du Châtelet could neither obtain audience of, nor information from, him, nor could he bring before his King the case of Rosamund Welby, against whom he felt certain that some deep-laid and cruel plot had been set in practice.



SHE BURIED HER HEAD IN HER HANDS AND SOBBED BITTERLY

The Intriguers

"Yet," Du Châtelet said to her now, when already she had been at Vincennes a week, "yet, if you would give me some account of the reason for your presence in Paris, and of your friends and surroundings, something might be done. I assure you that both I and Madame la Marquise are possessed of very deep sympathy for you and will do all in our power to alleviate your distress."

"Ah! Monsieur le Marquis," Rosamund had replied, "I need no assurance of that. Since I have been here, both you and madame have proved all that is good and kind to me. You have not treated me as a prisoner but as a friend."

And such was indeed the case.

From the very first day that Rosamund had been received in the Château de Vincennes she had, as she said, been treated more like a friend than aught else. She had been given an apartment—in the upper storey, it is true—in, indeed, the Mansard roof—since those upon the first floor were never allowed to be occupied by prisoners because of their nearness to the ground and the possibility that thereby existed for escape; but still it was a room the occupation of which was very far from being a hardship. It was clean and neat, and the bed was not comfortless, while from the windows—barred, of course!—a view of Paris in the distance was obtainable. She was also well fed in so far that three plain meals a day were brought her, and to them many delicacies from the Governor's table were often added.

Sometimes, too, though not often (since such things were strictly contrary to the rules of the château and—with regard to the prisoners in the Donjon, or actual prison—never permitted), she was allowed to descend and walk in the garden for an hour or so, the Marquis generally pacing the shell path by her side and endeavouring to solace her with his conversation. Madame la Marquise would also occasionally invite her to be seated in the saloon where she had been first received, and would talk kindly to her while endeavouring in a womanly way to cheer her. Only, unfortunately, the Marquise, who was a daughter of the late Governor, the Marquis de Bellefonds, was somewhat jealous of her handsome husband, and, consequently, did not encourage too much intimacy between themselves and their beautiful prisoner.

It was in the garden now, where still the

autumn plants retained some bloom and while still the leaves remained upon the trees, that Du Châtelet, walking by Rosamund's side—with Madame keeping ever a watchful eye on them from one of the windows of the saloon by which she sat at work—made the remark to the effect that it would be well if she would confide her story to him.

Wherefore, since Rosamund had nothing whatever to conceal, either as regarded herself or the man whom she loved, and because she also realised that she must be the victim of some hideous error, she gave the Marquis as brief an account of herself as it was possible to do.

She was, she told him, the daughter of Charles Welby, a merchant of London, he having his business house in the City and his private residence hard by the Strand, in Holles Street. A merchant, she said, who was well to do and who carried on much commercial intercourse with the capitals of other countries, especially with those of France and Belgium, in both of which places he was a large purchaser of laces, silks, satins, tapestry and other things.

"And," she continued, "it was but two weeks ago, Monsieur le Marquis, that he, having brought me to Paris, as he ever does when he visits the city and when there are no unhappy dissensions between your country and mine, left me at 'La Pomme d'Or,' in the Rue de la Croisade, to await his return, my faithful companion and *gouvernante* Fräulein Groesbeck being with me. But, oh! monsieur, what will he think when he returns two weeks or a month hence and finds that I have disappeared from all human knowledge? What, too, will my poor companion think? In very truth she must be distraught ere now."

"Be at ease," the Marquis said, "be at ease, I implore you. It is against all law, against all my instructions and orders from the King"—and he raised his hat as he spoke, as though that august personage were present at the moment—"that I should hold any intercourse with the world without on the subject of those who are—my—my—well! let me say, under my charge here. Yet," he went on, while now his eyes were turned—again, as so often!—upon her soft, pure beauty; a beauty that was not extinguished but only partly veiled by the unhappiness which clouded it. "Yet intelligence may be conveyed in such a case

The Intriguers

as is yours; in the case of one so innocent and so much wronged."

For reply Rosamund gave a glance from those eyes which, already and indeed from the first, had done much to disturb his peace of mind, while she exclaimed :

"Ah! if you would do that! If you would but do that! If Anna Groesbeck could but know where I am, then, I doubt not, all would be made right. Our minister knows my father well; he would not let me languish here unjustly."

"That is without doubt," the Marquis said. Though, to himself, he thought :

"Even Monsieur Prior would not find it easy to obtain her release, she being once here. The hands from which these *lettres closes*—emanate cannot always be traced when once they have left their fountain-source—the hands of Louis himself."

Aloud he said, while still speaking gently and with that subdued refinement which one of his class and breeding would not fail to use while mentioning a subject of such delicacy : "But, mademoiselle" (for he had now discontinued the more formal address of madame) "has mentioned one who is, she has said, very dear to her; one who has had the extreme good fortune to become the possessor of her affections. He is, indeed, to be envied! Is it possible, may I ask, that—that—through any untoward fortune which may have befallen him; through also—if I may say the word—mademoiselle's love for him, some of his misfortunes may have fallen upon and engulfed her as well? Unhappiness sometimes throws its reflection upon those we love as much as does our success or our glory."

"No! monsieur," she cried. "No! That is not possible. He whom I love is not the victim of misfortune. At least of no extreme misfortune. He is well to do, young and happy, or only unhappy because, unfortunately, he espouses a lost cause, a cause that may never again rise triumphant."

"And that cause is?"

"That of his unhappy King, the cause of him whom he deems King James III. of England."

"Ah! he is a Jacobite! And opposed, therefore, to the succession of the fortunate Prince from Hanover."

"Opposed, yes! But not as many are. Instead, like many others, he is resigned.

He will not live in England beneath that fortunate Hanoverian's rule, yet he is no rebel to what is in truth, when the worst is said, a now lawfully-constituted authority. He prefers exile—if," she added, with an almost apologetic air, "I may thus term a residence in your country."

The Marquis bowed at these words while saying that, to all who had to live out of their country such a life doubtless appeared as an exile, in spite of the fact that many who were not thus constrained did so voluntarily and of their own choice. Then, a moment later, he said : "Is this fortunate gentleman—fortunate for one reason, if no other—well known in Paris? Does he frequent the *monde*? Is it possible that I may know him?"

"He has been at your Court and presented to the King. And, naturally, he is known to the Chevalier St. George."

"May I ask his name?"

"His name is Rupert Frayne."

"Rupert Frayne! The gentleman whom you believed to have been brought here injured?"

"Yes, that is he. Have you ever heard that name except when I mentioned it to you then, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"Yes. I think so. I believe so."

But even as Du Châtelet spoke there was an altered tone in his voice which caused Rosamund to turn her head swiftly as she paced the garden-walk by his side, so that she might better be able to gaze into the face of her companion. As she did this she saw, to her amazement, that some rapid and subtle change had taken place in the Marquis's countenance; that the glance with which he greeted her own was a different one from that with which he had regarded her when last their eyes met. Yet it was not easily to be defined; not to be understood, nor read. Though incomprehensible as that glance might be, Rosamund believed in her heart that it expressed far more compassion for her than aught else.

"What is it?" she asked—startled—amazed at what she saw written upon the face of her kindly companion, "what?" and as she spoke she placed her hand upon the other's arm in her agitation. "Do you know him?"

"Nay, mademoiselle, nay. I have never met Monsieur Frayne. Never. But why do you ask? Why imagine that I know him?"



"ON MY HONOUR I DO NOT," THE MARQUIS SAID, PLACING HIS THREE-CORNED HAT
ABOVE HIS HEART AND BOWING PROFOUNDLY

The Intriguers

"Your look, your expression has changed since I mentioned my lover's name. Ah!" she cried suddenly, her bosom heaving and her agitation becoming extreme. "Ah! I understand. I understand very well. He had met with some terrible hurt—he was wounded. You knew it when I was brought here and would not tell me, and now that you have learned that I love him, you are appalled. I see it all. And—and—is he dead? Tell me, I implore you. Let me know the worst."

"No! no!" the Marquis answered, losing no time in endeavouring to soothe her. "You misapprehend me, you imagine that you observe something in my looks which is not there. You misread my features. I assure you, I declare to you, on the honour of a gentleman, that I have no knowledge of any injury whatever having befallen your friend—your lover," he added very softly.

"But," she said, still agitated and still afraid to believe his assurances, "your face did change as your voice had changed an instant before when I told you that he was my lover."

"If so, it was only because I was startled at hearing that the gentleman in whom you showed so tender an interest when first you came here was in truth your lover. For," he continued, "I had imagined that you were concerned only in the disaster which you supposed had occurred to one who was but an acquaintance, yet who possessed an additional right to your sympathy because he was a compatriot."

"And," she said, gazing fixedly at him, "you do not know—on your honour you do not know, that any evil has befallen him?"

"On my honour I do not," the Marquis said, placing his three-cornered hat above his heart and bowing profoundly.

Therefore Rosamund was forced to believe—as Heaven knew she desired ardently to do—that he was speaking sincerely, and was able also to tell herself that she had indeed misunderstood the passing shadow of his face and the altered inflection of his voice.

Yet she thought of both again and again after she had regained the room she occupied in the château, and after having once more obtained an assurance from du Châtelet that her friends should be apprised of her whereabouts.

To that room her custodian had escorted her with the politeness which he had never

failed to testify since she had been his captive, while on reaching the door, beyond which he never went, he had observed to her that the passages and corridors were beginning to grow cold and chilly with each fresh day of autumn, and that he would send a woman to make a fire for her.

"We must not let our delicate prisoners die for want of fitting attention," he said with his agreeable smile; "and, since you are forced to be our guest, although an unwilling one, we must do our best to make you comfortable. For your sake, I trust we may not keep you long."

"You are very good to me," Rosamund said, standing half within and half without what was in actual fact her prison door—"very good. If," she continued, with one of those glances which, all unknown to her, disturbed him so much, "if I must be a prisoner, whom could I better desire for my custodian than you?"

Then observing instantly—since she lacked nothing of a woman's quick perception—that her words had raised a tumult in her listener's mind which she had had no intention of producing, she hastened to add: "Yet, since you are so thoughtful for me, let me show you one slight discomfort to which I am subjected. Observe," and she directed Du Châtelet's attention to a great discoloured spot in the ceiling of her room which showed plainly that the roof was defective and becoming damp, since the place had already a considerable amount of moisture over it.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Marquis, "that must not be. The workmen shall be called in to attend to it," while, glancing towards the place, he said: "The first rain that comes will indeed cause you discomfort. The man shall be sent for at once. This will never do for the winter days."

"The winter days!" she exclaimed suddenly, "the winter days! Oh! God grant I may not be kept here through them!"

Du Châtelet could have bitten out his tongue for his ill-advised remark the moment after he had uttered it, but now, since it was too late for it to be recalled, he contented himself with saying: "I pray so too. God grant you may not be here through those winter days," after which, raising her hand to his lips and bidding her good-night, he withdrew.

Yet, fervent as had been his prayer, he muttered more than once to himself while

The Intriguers

he descended by the stairs to his own portion of the château:

"Not here through the winter—not here! Heaven help her! if it should be known that she is the affianced wife of that man, Rupert Frayne, she may be here for many winters."

CHAPTER IX

"FOR THE KING'S SAKE! FOR JAMES!"

AT the moment when Rosamund was writing that letter to Anna Groesbeck, which she afterwards placed against the standish on the table in her salon so that the latter could not fail to observe it, the Fräulein was engaged in a conversation with Rupert Frayne in the Rue de la Licorne where the second morning wagon from Versailles was in the habit of drawing up. For, a few minutes before the above period, that vehicle had arrived, and Rupert, stepping forth from it, had greeted the Dutch maiden cordially.

"I came," he said, "as soon as might be after your messenger brought the letter. Have you told Rosamund why I did not keep tryst and come by the earlier wagon as promised?"

"Nay," the latter answered, "why tell her? Later—if what we desire succeeds—it will be time enough. Is it not so?" Then, with a slight smile upon her expressive face, she looked full into his own eyes.

"Ay," he said, speaking quietly, while now they turned into a less frequented street and walked slowly along it, the young woman being on the footpath and he by her side in the road. "If what we desire succeeds! Will it do so, Anna?"

"It depends upon you. If you are brave enough to do it. If you *can* do it."

"I can be very bold in the Cause. In my King's—in James' cause, and for his honour and glory. Doubly bold, too, if there is good prospect of success. Yet, Anna, I must know more than your hasty note said. Tell me all. Thereby I may understand how and when and where to strike."

"He," replied the Fräulein, her soft, limpid blue eyes gazing into his as, "with her head slightly turned towards the side he walked upon, she looked at him, "was to leave Herrenhausen last night. And then to pass by way of Arnheim, Munster, and Osnabrück to Utrecht. Ah!" she exclaimed with more warmth and enthusiasm than her apparent stolidity would have

caused most people to give her credit for, "that must not be. They must not have the credit of doing that which they hope to do. The credit must fall to others—to you. Say! is it not so, Rupert?" and she touched with a thick finger the sleeve of his riding-coat as though to emphasise her remark.

"Yes!" he replied, still speaking slowly and in the manner of one who muses deeply. "Yes, the credit must be mine—mine, and that of all staunch Jacobites. Heaven!" he exclaimed, "are we, whose fathers, brothers, kinsmen's blood has poured like water in our King's cause, to be outwitted by these adventurers? By fellows who are no more true followers of the Stuart cause than that creature there," and he nodded towards a *chiffonnier* grubbing in the gutter. "Are they, these hirelings, to strike such a blow as this?"

"Never," said Anna Groesbeck, catching some of the fire and contempt of the long-enduring Jacobite for the huckstering mercenaries who played at being such for a bag of guineas as well as food and strong drink. "Never, Rupert." Then she touched his sleeve again, and whispered, "Tis for you, such as you, to—well!—to anticipate them. Rupert Frayne, 'tis you who must do what you have sworn to do if ever the chance came your way."

"And it has come," he said, "and I will do it, contrary though it be to every principle, to every idea I once nourished on the subject. Still—I will do it. When," he continued, "do they intend to do this deed? Where will they kill him unless I forestall them and pluck their quarry from their hands, thereby preventing them from earning their guineas?"

"Somewhere upon the road between Herrenhausen and Utrecht. Therefore, Rupert, if you will wrench the spoils from out their hands and gain renown yourself—if you will win back the forfeited peerage of your ancestors, the peerage that our Dutch William deprived them of—for surely the King will give it back to you for what you do!—you must ride fast. Fast and swift, and be off and away to-day. You must go ahead of one—a swashbuckler and adventurer—who himself sets out tonight to take part in the mur—the execution!"

"Who is this man?"

"A bully called Starbuck. Do you know him?"

"Ay! One who does murder for pay

The Intriguers

One who would slay James, even as he now goes to kill George. Are there any more?"

"Leicester North is here in Paris——"

"Leicester North! That trembling craven! Dare he take part in slaughter, too? He who will dare to conspire, but will never have the heart to act. George would be safe if there were none to fear but him!"

"He is a tool of the old man Gachette. He does as Gachette bids him, and does

well that which he is chosen for—which is not fighting. Instead, he carries messages 'twixt England and here—between my Lady B.—you know?—and Gachette, and between, too, that other B., my Lord B., and Gachette. Oh!" she exclaimed, "Heaven help the Stuarts when they have none but such creatures as these to aid their cause."

"Their help is not desired," Rupert said. "In our cause there are brave and strong men in England, Scotland—everywhere. What has to be done for the Stuarts, they



"AY!" HE EXCLAIMED, "WORTH A KING'S LIFE"

The Intriguers

can do. These hucksterers but bring discredit on us."

"Therefore," said Anna Groesbeck, "you have decided! You will set forth, and at once?"

"At once I will do so."

"But your horse—one of those swift, untiring horses you ride? Have you to return to Versailles for that? Pity 'twas you came not on it. Thereby you could have been off and away in an hour's time."

"Tut!" Rupert answered with a smile, though it was but a sad one—a smile that was made so by what lay before him. "Fear not. I hope I am no bungler. Deeming that, when I learnt all from you, I should be very certain to set out upon this—this—well! this chance—I sent the chestnut—you know the horse, Centaur—forward by a groom. It is where the Versailles wagon stopped just now, and should be already refreshed and ready for a journey. Come, Anna, you shall see me mount and then wish me God speed."

"And," the girl, who was no longer quite a girl, said, her strange smile coming over the broad face as she spoke, while the little nest of wrinkles on the side of either eye appeared very plainly now, "and you will do it? Without hesitation, and with no thought cast back? With no regret for the past and no fear of consequences for the future? You will do it?"

"I will do it. For the King's sake! For James!" and as he spoke his finger was lifted and touched in salutation the white cockade he wore.

"Ay, for the King's sake!" she cried, her face beaming now. "For the King's sake. Yet," she went on, her voice sinking to a deeper earnestness, "once more I bid you remember what it is you do. I bid you recollect that it will be beyond recall. Once done, you can never look back, never retrace your steps. No matter whether you fail or succeed, you will have set your hand to the plough."

"I will forget nothing," Rupert Frayne answered. "I am resolved. If George is to die, it shall not be by the hands of hired assassins. I will forestall them and save him from that at least." As he concluded he took Anna's hand in his, and, bending over it, imprinted a kiss—it was indeed a seal, a ratification, upon the white, fat hand. "Now," he said, "let us return to the inn, and then one cup for me and away."

Whereupon they turned their steps towards the hostelry outside which they had met.

Ten minutes later Centaur had been led out from a stall and was stamping on the cobble-stones of the yard as though impatient to be off, while emitting great gusts from his nostrils as he blew and snorted.

"You see," Rupert said to Anna, as he slapped his horse's neck, "there is some mettle in him. Enough to bear me well on my way to this," and he touched his pocket, wherein lay a route paper which Anna had given him as they were walking back to the inn. "Mettle worth—"

"A king's life!"

"Ay," he exclaimed, "worth a king's life! Worth a king's crown, too, as well as his throne and honour. Now," lifting himself into his saddle, "calm any fears sweet Rosamund may have; tell her I shall be back in four days at least, but tell her nought else. Time enough for that when it is done. Is it not so?"

"It is so. Farewell! I will soothe all her qualms."

"So do. Again farewell!" with which he turned his horse's rein and, amidst the clatter made by the animal's hoofs, rode forth from out of the yard and away.

After he had disappeared from her sight, Anna Groesbeck retraced her steps to 'La Pomme d'Or,' musing on what story she should tell to Rosamund whereby to explain her lover's absence, while thinking at the same time of how there would fall to Rupert Frayne the glory of anticipating the greedy, mercenary knaves who were already gloating over the prize they deemed would be theirs.

Old Gachette was still in the courtyard of 'La Pomme d'Or' as she entered it, he having desisted for the moment from teasing the Siamese crow, though, even as he sat on the rustic bench where passengers waited for the departure of one of the Versailles conveyances—and on which, sometimes, travellers would sit to drink a bottle of Florence or Muscadine—he seemed to be exerting an agitating influence over the weird-looking creature with his eye. For, now, it was plucking at its bars and opening and shutting its mouth as though anxious to peck at him, as well as gyrating about in its cage in great agitation. Yet still his eye was able to see Anna Groesbeck entering the yard, while, even as he muttered tauntingly "Pretty thing!" to the bird, he took

The Intriguers

off his hat to the lady whom he knew to be a fellow-resident in 'La Pomme d'Or.'

"A sweet day, mademoiselle," he murmured courteously, "a lovely day. Oh! a charming day." To which politeness Anna, who seemed to have but a poor opinion of her fellow-lodger, only replied with a cold and distant bow and passed on into the salon occupied by her friend Rosamund.

She was surprised at first—with only, however, a mild, subdued kind of surprise—on discovering that the girl was not there, since now it was the hour at which they took their midday meal; and surprised, too, that the servant was not yet preparing the table for that meal. But, reflecting that doubtless Rosamund was still in her room writing her letters, since her own absence had been but a brief one, she ascended the stairs, while feeling sure that she would find the other above.

On reaching those rooms, however, she was something more than calmly astonished at discovering that Rosamund was not in them. For where, in such a case, could she be? Yet still Anna found an answer to what was now a very perceptible feeling of wonderment in her mind, in reflecting that, the letters being finished, the girl had proceeded to the *bureau des postes* to despatch them. Upon which, having made herself ready for dinner, she again descended to the salon to await Rosamund's return.

But the moments went on, and, following them, the quarters—Anna hearing them all strike from the steeples of the many churches near by—and then an hour had passed, and soon another. But still Rosamund did not return. And the day was running on! The sun, which, when she had returned from her interview with Rupert Frayne, had been shining hotly on to the white-washed walls on the other side of the street, was now streaming into the room where Anna was. She had been back two hours and still her friend had not returned! Where had she gone, where could she have gone to that would necessitate so long an absence—and gone also without leaving any explanation?

She rang for the servant now and questioned that maiden, yet learnt nothing from



"TO—TO—LET ME SEE," AND HE TAPPED HIS FOREHEAD

The Intriguers

her. The girl had not seen mademoiselle either in the house or the courtyard. She knew nothing whatever of her movements. Then, in despair, and scarcely knowing why she did so, the Fräulein went out into the courtyard—having perhaps a vague idea that she might see Rosamund returning down the long Rue de la Croisade.

But when she had reached the gateway she saw nobody at all resembling her whom she sought; nor in the courtyard itself was there any one but old Monsieur Gachette, asleep now on the bench, which was drawn into the shade, while he presented a picture of senile decay as he slumbered with his head bowed over his folded arms. Doubtless, however, that sleep was a light one, since, as Anna returned towards the door of the courtyard, he opened his eyes and gazed at her while touching his hat with his customary politeness. Whereupon Anna, doing that which perhaps, in other circumstances, nothing would have induced her to do, exclaimed :

"Oh ! sir, have you by any chance seen my friend, Mademoiselle Welby, this morning ? I cannot guess what should have become of her."

"Mademoiselle Welby," the old man said, speaking now in good, though somewhat broken, English. "Mademoiselle Welby ! Ha ! Let me think. Let me think. The beautiful girl who inhabits the salon with you."

"Yes. Ah !—yes."

"Mademoiselle Welby. Ah ! to be sure. Yes. I did see her. With a monsieur, a charming monsieur, in a light drab riding-

suit—or—or—now I come to think of it—was it a plain-coloured suit ?"

"Oh ! sir," exclaimed Anna, "of what account is the suit ! Tell me who he was, I beseech you, and where they went, or if they were only in conversation for a moment. A charming monsieur," she repeated inwardly, "and talking to Rosamund ! What can this mean ?"

"Oh ! they went together," Gachette said, standing up straight now in front of Anna. "Together undoubtedly. To—to—let me see," and he tapped his forehead. "To—to—something with a V—a V. Ah ! to Versailles. Yet, no ! that was not it. Instead to Vi—Vi—ha ! I have it. Vélizy—that is it. They went to Vélizy in a *calèche*. Yes, yes. A beautiful *calèche*. Oh ! yes. I heard the handsome monsieur bid the coachman drive them."

"It is incredible—impossible !" Anna exclaimed. "Who among all whom she knows would desire her to drive to that place with him ? Why and wherefore ? And, monsieur, where is this Vélizy ? What is it ?"

"It is a village outside Paris. Oh ! a charming place. With an auberge or so, having rustic arbours where one may dine *à deux*. Ah ! for a handsome young monsieur and a beautiful demoiselle there is no spot where a more happy day may be passed. A spot for the young—for lovers !—which is a dream, a paradise !" and Gachette leered at Anna as he spoke.

"It is impossible," she said again. "Impossible ! She knows no such monsieur—none. I will not believe it."

(To be continued.)

I Wonder Why

I WONDER why the world's so bright,
No matter what the weather,
So full of beauty and delight
For us to share together;
I wonder why the skies should be
So deeply blue above you ;—
Perhaps it's just because, you see,
I love you!

I wonder why my heart should sing
All day a song of gladness,
Why every season should be Spring,
No thought of care or sadness ;
Why every night the stars should glow
With meanings new above me ;—
Perhaps it's just because I know
You love me !

MARY FARAH, LL.A.

A League of Ministering Children

BY HELEN E. PHILLP

"No day without a deed to crown it."—SHAKESPEARE (*Henry VIII.*).

TO have put a "girdle round the world" of loving deeds and thoughts of charity; to have crystallised the warm, unselfish impulses of childhood into habits of service, to have made thousands of homes happier because of inmates trained to find joy and happiness in caring for others instead of seeking always their own pleasure and ease; to have founded, or been the direct cause of founding, many institutions for the sick, the ailing, the convalescent and the blind; in aid of temperance, and to shelter worshippers; to unite the two things God loves best—children and charity—these things and more the Ministering Children's League can claim to have done.

Founded seventeen years ago, this great Organisation, numbering over 40,000, is the visible result of the thought of one mind. A great longing to save the young from the misery of selfishness, and early to teach them that true happiness is to be found alone in the love and service of others, inspired the Countess of Meath to band children together for the daily practice of deeds of kindness in their own homes and in the outside world. Starting her band of Ministering Children at a meeting in the drawing-room of her London house, she was helped by the experience and organising skill of her vicar, the Reverend Prebendary Ridgeway, whose interest has never flagged, but grown with the wonderful

growth of the M.C.L., of which he is still President.

At that first meeting of the children of the parish of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, who still hold the position of one of the most active and successful branches of the M.C.L., its initiators little thought that



Photo by

THE COUNTESS OF MEATH
Founder and Hon. Central Secretary, M.C.L.

Lafayette

A League of Ministering Children

the movement which they were inaugurating, and to which they gave the name of the beautiful old book, *Ministering Children*, would in a few short years spread all round the world; would take root in our great Australian Colonies, and be copied by numerous other societies for children who adopt some of its methods and objects!

Such is, however, the case. We belong to a league "on whom the sun never sets," and whose progress round the world is marked by fourteen institutions either carried on by the M.C.L. or founded through its influence and work. Here is the list.

Public institutions of the M.C.L. are as follows—



Photo

Russell & Sons

REV. PREBENDARY C. J. RIDGEWAY

President, M.C.L.

England.

Three Homes for Destitute Children, Ottershaw, Surrey. Coffee House, Richmond, Surrey.

Coffee House, Twickenham. Convalescent Home for Children, Exmouth.

Epileptic Children's Home, Hayling Island, Hants, founded 1900.

Australia.

Cottage by the Sea, Queenscliff, Victoria. Small Hospital, Cottesloe Beach, West Australia.

United States.

Chapel for Red Indians, South Dakota.

Canada.

Hospital for Children, Ottawa.

Egypt.

School of Industries for the Blind, Alexandria, founded March 1900.

New Zealand.

Children's Convalescent Cottage, at Seaside, New Brighton, founded 1900.



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Mr. T. S. Rose, Richmond

GROUP OF M.C.L. ASSOCIATES, RICHMOND (SURREY) BRANCH, AT THEIR FÊTE IN JULY 1902, WITH THE COUNTESS OF MEATH AND SOME DISABLED SOLDIERS HELPED BY THE BRABAZON EMPLOYMENT SCHEME

A League of Ministering Children



Photo by kind permission of

Mr. T. S. Rose, Richmond

RICHMOND (SURREY) M.C.L. MEMBERS AT THE FÊTE, JULY 1902

Tasmania.

Convalescent Home, founded 1900.

A wonderful record indeed, and all the more remarkable because such work was not the original idea or object of the M.C.L., nor is it yet the chief one. It has been an indirect result.

Now, as was the first object, the "building of character," the forming of habits of self-denial, of loving service and of "seeking the things of others" is the centre thought;

and those who love the M.C.L. have abundant testimony of the success of this, the greatest of its works; though such results cannot be tabulated, reported on, or pointed to as "buildings made with hands" can.

In teaching our members we tell them first of the blessedness of that charity which begins at home; which brightens and cheers the lives of father and mother, of little brothers and sisters, school-fellows and servants; and of those dumb friends, the



Photo by

Russell and Sons, Chichester

THE CHICHESTER BRANCH M.C.L.

A League of Ministering Children



Photo by

THE EARL OF MEATH

Lafayette

Hon. Sec. Gordon Division (for Boys) M.C.L., in his Coronation robes

children's pets, too apt to be caressed on one day, and forgotten and neglected the next!

Then we commend to them the many little things that can be done for neighbours and friends; and, as our elder members grow older, for their parish and the church. And last we enlist their sympathy and stir them to active effort for the sick and suffering, the blind and the afflicted, to support Home and Foreign Missions, and to help in the great work of temperance.

The adaptability of the League is one of its remarkable features. For when a branch starts it is absolutely free to take

196

up as its special work any charity, local or otherwise, which appeals most strongly to its members and their president, who is generally the vicar of their parish.

Many branches contribute to the central work of the League, and at the same time benefit their own neighbourhood, by "keeping a cot" in the beautiful Homes of the M.C.L. at Ottershaw in Surrey, where seventy children live a happy home-life and are trained for the work of the world—children, all these, who are orphans or have been rescued from unhappy surroundings.

Keeping a cot means contributing £15 a year to the funds of the Homes, which entitles the contributing branch to keep a child there—a child usually sent from its own neighbourhood by the branch.

The Home at Exmouth, maintained by the small but energetic branch there, is for convalescent and delicate children, who can be sent by any branch on payment of 5s. a week for food and laundress, if a free cot is not empty. The unspeakable benefits to

many ailing little ones of a sojourn in the beautiful sea-air of South Devon needs no comment. It is only to be regretted that this admirably-managed little Home is not more supported, and cannot fill all its beds for lack of funds.

The Home for Epileptic Children at Hayling Island, given by the Countess of Meath two years ago to the League, might also do far more of its beneficent work if better known and more adequately supported. In a letter to our children in February of this year, Lady Meath, who through her benevolent interest in epileptic sufferers and all she has done for them at the "Meath Home

A League of Ministering Children

of Comfort at Godalming," is qualified to speak authoritatively of their needs as few are, says that the Hayling Island Home

"Is meant to be a permanent abode for epileptic children. Boards of Guardians have already been invited to send us some of their little patients, and we hope to take very good care of them. If we cannot cure them, at any rate we can try to make them happy. The Guardians will doubtless be ready to pay something towards the keep of each child whom they send to us; but this will not be sufficient to meet all expenses, and we shall probably have to raise something like £130 a year if the Home is to become a *real* Home of Comfort for these suffering children. I hope many will help us.

"Please remember we do not want the Homes at Ottershaw to be lost sight of. On the contrary, they need a good deal more, not less, help; but, as we learn from the story of the curse of oil in the Bible, it is by giving that we grow rich. The more we give the more we have to give; and if you, dear readers, had seen with your own eyes what I have seen, you would feel that money laid out to help epileptic little ones is indeed well bestowed. 'Take me away, take me away!' was the piteous cry of an unfortunate suffering child in the indescribably



Photo by

A. G. Cartile, Exmouth

MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE: CHILDREN'S CONVALESCENT HOME
AT EXMOUTH

awful surroundings of a workhouse ward. It is the cry, whether we hear it or not, of numbers of poor neglected little ones. If we can help to wipe away their tears, to console them and place them in surroundings calculated to make them better, instead of allowing them to grow worse and worse, we may indeed be thankful, for what happier work can we be engaged in than that of brightening the lives of poor little innocent children, who, for no fault of their own, have to endure such unnecessary suffering?"

This being pioneer work—the first done of its sort for such children—we are most anxious to have it supported.

The aid to temperance of such institutions as the very successful coffee-houses at Richmond and Twickenham needs no comment, nor does the work of the four Convalescent Homes for Children in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand;



A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE FIJI BRANCH OF M.C.L. TAKEN IN SUVA IN THE AUTUMN OF 1901, WITH THE PRESIDENT, MRS. CORNEY

A League of Ministering Children

the largest of which, the "Cottage by the Sea" of the Victorian branches, opened a new wing in Dec. 1901; or the romantic interest of the building of a mission chapel for Red Indians in South Dakota by a New York branch.

The work of the School of Industries for Blind Boys in Egypt is, however, unique, and well worth a few words of description. Those who know Egypt well, know also but too well how prevalent blindness is amongst the children, twenty-five per cent. losing their sight from ophthalmia. This is the direct result of the brilliant sunshine and sand-storms; but far more of the ignorant prejudice of the parents, the poor misguided mothers, who think the adoption of the simplest remedies a defiance of fate, and a challenge to some unknown all-powerful spirit of evil; and not only will not use them when carried to their very doors, but will not even brush off the flies which



Photo by

Hermann Ernst

MRS. ARTHUR PHILLIP

Central Organising Secretary, M.C.L.



OPENING OF M.C.L. HOME AT HAYLING ISLAND, WITH SOME SOUTHSEA MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES AND CONVALESCENT CHILDREN

settle around the inflamed eyes of the little sufferers, and so let them settle on the poisonous matter which surrounds them, and carry it off with its terrible infection to the eyes of other children.

Supported by our Egyptian branches, and with substantial help in starting from our foundress, the school was opened two years ago. Already a number of lads, condemned but for its help to lives of blank misery and perpetual beggary, have learned to be so skilful in basket- and mat-making, chair-seating and brush-making, that they have become skilled artisans. Fortunately there is a market for their

wares, and we have every reason to hope that ere long the school will be able to teach many more boys, as the pupils themselves become teachers, and support and extend itself with the help given from our Egyptian members alone.

Several other interesting events have happened lately which show how

A League of Ministering Children

our League helps that great spirit and bond of unity among English-speaking people which some call imperialism in its best aspect. Last year the Richmond branch devoted their own fête to the help of the Indian branches, who send poor European children to the cool hills in summer; and their president, Lady Luck, who was visiting England, reaped a rich harvest in the beautiful grounds of Sir Whitaker and Lady Ellis, the loved president of the Richmond branch, since gone to her rest. The children of the branch at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, have added to their usual achievements the raising of £300 for a window in the cathedral at Cape Town, to be erected as a memorial to the brave soldiers lost in the war. We have also adopted three soldiers' orphans who are being brought up at Ottershaw as children of the League. A branch recently started in far Fiji is contributing the maintenance of an Ottershaw cot, and the able president, Mrs. Corney, visited Ottershaw this summer. A new branch has just started at Port Elizabeth, and one at Johannesburg. A recent development has been a special "Gordon" branch for older boys to whom the word "children" can no longer be applied, as the president and foundress and our whole council are most anxious to retain our elder members. In Italy we have had great progress lately, also in Valparaiso.

This is of necessity but a short sketch

of all that is done. The fact that in the last two years, 1899 and 1900, whose work has been tabulated and reported, our branches collected and spent in the British Islands alone considerably over £4000, and in the Australian Colonies about the same sum, speaks for itself, and this does not at all represent all money given to local efforts which cannot be reported. Nor does it in the least represent the gifts of love and kindness, of personal service and missionary devotion which are given both where there is and where there is not silver and gold to give.

But we are most anxious for our work and ways to be better known, and to open new branches, believing as we do that our League has a prior claim on the interest of clergy, parents, educators, and of all who love the young—a claim which those societies which simply set children collecting for charities, however good, can never make. All information and help in forming branches at home and abroad will gladly be given by the organising secretary, who can be applied to at 83, Lancaster Gate, which the Earl of Meath kindly allows to be the centre of the work. It is better to make an appointment by letter.

This brief and wholly inadequate description will have served its purpose if it makes new friends for the League, and leads its readers to inquire further into the work and ways of this World-wide League of Boys and Girls.

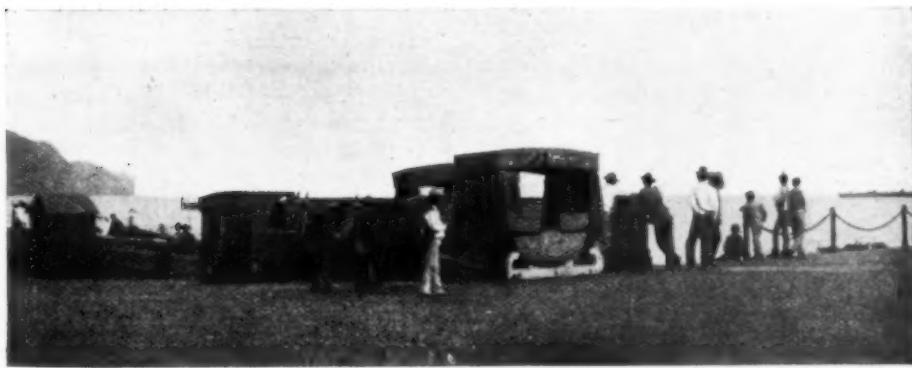


Photo by H. J. Clark

THE BULLOCK CARS OF FUNCHAL, MADEIRA

John Brown, of Harper's Ferry

JOHN BROWN came of the Puritan stock which President Roosevelt recently described as carrying into the western wilds the ideals which have made America great. He was himself an instrument in one of the most momentous struggles the world has seen. The song which the Northern soldiers sang in the Civil War—

“John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
But his soul 's marching on,”

has not only carried his fame far, but seems to give him place in that perpetual conflict against the tyrannies of evil to which every generation in turn is called.

The chief authority for the facts of his life is still Sanborn's biography—for Sanborn was in frequent association with him—but other sketches and miscellaneous papers have appeared; and we welcome therefore another volume¹ which gathers the scattered facts, and presents them in a compact form to the men of to-day, as one of the stories which lovers of freedom everywhere must desire to hand down. It is the more timely when we recall how but recently one of the leaders of modern thought complained that Englishmen were losing their feeling about slavery. Surely that cannot have been more than a passing mood of indifference, a consequence perhaps of the blinding influences of commerce, but due mainly to imperfect knowledge. There has been, moreover, striking illustration in the American Congress of new forms in which the old questions may yet revive. In the debate, for instance, on the Philippine Government Bill, an amendment was moved which would have prohibited slavery in the Philippines or any other territory over which the United States should obtain jurisdiction. It was set aside on the ground that slavery would be abolished, but could not be suddenly abolished by statute. There are 250,000 slaves remaining under this decision. France, on the other hand, when it abolished slavery in Madagascar, gave no compensation, but told the people they were free because they were French. Thus the slave question has now to be looked at in world-wide rather than national aspects; it

¹ Captain John Brown, of Harper's Ferry. By John Newton. Fisher Unwin.

will be necessary to keep alive the old spirit, if only for the adjustment of native rights wherever the English-speaking people have power.

In “Eighteen Forty-Eight,” that year of revolutions, the three most powerful words in Europe were Liberty, Fraternity, Equality. They were loudly acclaimed and conspicuously emblazoned in the streets of Paris. Their echo sent a thrill through other capitals. In England they were the theme of innumerable speeches and sermons that pointed the hopes of men forward. Yet their enunciation was followed by the revival of Napoleonism, and an era of disquietude. There was a mighty movement in the name of humanity preparing at that time in America, which was to have as revolutionary an effect as the barricades of Paris. That very year the mayor of its most cultivated city was confessing how he had misread the signs of the times when Lloyd Garrison in the *Liberator* began to plead the cause of the negro. He reported that he had “ferreted out the paper and its editor”—that his office was “an obscure hole,” “his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, and his supporters a very few insignificant persons of all colours.” From such unpromising conditions do great causes sometimes emerge; and now, in 1848, he had to admit that he had under-estimated the forces which lay behind the early abolitionists. How far Boston, with all its high thinking, still was from apprehending liberty and fraternity, was shown two years later in the support which many of its citizens gave to the Fugitive Slave Law. As Lowell wrote in the *Biglow Papers*, of “The Pious Editor's Creed”:

“I du believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Payris is;

* * * * *
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves and triggers,—
But libbatty's a kind o' thing
That don't agree with niggers.”

But there the contest thickened. The day came when Boston draped its streets in black as one poor fugitive slave was led back by troops, and its bells tolled as he was placed on board the ship which was to carry him southward to bondage. In 1852

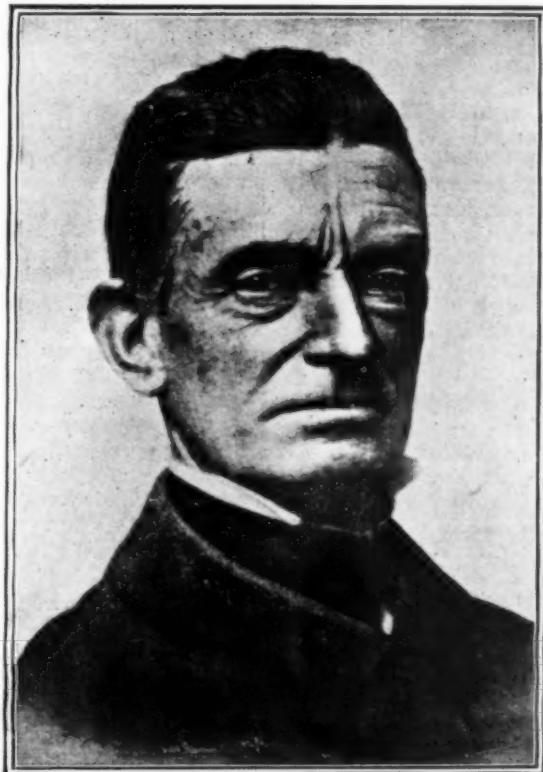
John Brown, of Harper's Ferry

Uncle Tom's Cabin appeared—it was more an indication than a creation—but it set the plea against slavery in a form that all classes and nations could understand, and produced by bare fact and human feeling a worldwide effect greater than belongs to art or genius. "Is this the little woman who made this great war?" said President Lincoln when he first met Mrs. Stowe. Yet she was no more the cause of the war than is the broken crest of the Atlantic billow the storm. The struggle which in the end extinguished slavery did not originate in any theory of the rights of man, but was a conflict for power, in which the nobler feelings gradually acquired predominance and victory.

In the first stage it was one for the possession of territory. In the original Constitution of the first thirteen States there was no mention of slavery or the slave. Slaveholding was practised in them all. It was an old-world institution on which the conscience of men had not yet fully pronounced. The inward light of the Quaker gave him vision beyond most of his fellows. The gradual development of clear convictions on this subject is one of the most interesting studies in American life. The northern feeling must have been affected by the continual inflow of immigrants from countries where slavery was unknown, but European ideas had no apparent place in shaping its policy. The movement against slavery was of purely native growth. In the South economic

considerations ruled, and seem to have extinguished the higher sentiments which at one period found expression. The North was recruited by new industries with vast possibilities of expansion, the South saw its lands hemmed in and becoming exhausted, and schemed to secure its ascendancy in the Senate. The policy of many years was affected by the questions that thus arose. Slave labour was not so profitable as free labour in the temperate zone of the North, and as immigrants took the place of the slaves, natural causes undermined the old system. By the Ordinance of 1787 the whole of the North-West Territory was declared free ground, on which it was illegal to hold slaves. From that time every new State admitted to the Union was a counted slave or free; and for thirty years the admissions alternated, so that in 1819 there were eleven Free and eleven Slave States; and as each

State sent the same number of men to the Senate at Washington, there was a balance of power. Missouri was then demanding admission as a Slave State; and there were other claims impending which if allowed would have given the South ascendancy. The contest which ensued was settled by a line of Compromise which was drawn across the disputed region, north of which was freedom, south of which was slavery. This was called the Missouri Compromise, and endured for a generation. But if the course of empires westward takes its



JOHN BROWN, OF HARPER'S FERRY

John Brown, of Harper's Ferry

course, so did Southern ambitions. Texas, by Southern aid, had shaken off the Spanish dominion, and established an independent republic; and now its admission into the Union was demanded. The year that followed its annexation brought the war with Mexico; and as one vast stretch of territory after another, including California with its gold, and San Francisco with its Pacific opportunities, fell under the influence of the States, all the old rivalries revived with tenfold intensity. How great the issue really was, was not seen by those involved in them. The future of half a continent was at stake.

A crisis came when, in 1854, two new Territories were organised—Nebraska and Kansas—with a proviso which left the question of freedom or slavery to be decided by the Territories themselves, and so set aside the Missouri Compromise. Fair in appearance, the arrangement was both snare and delusion. The neighbouring Slave States sent armed bands over the border to control the decision; the Free Soilers of the North sent emigrants southward to possess the ground. Then began the Border Wars which brought John Brown into the field. Then, too, the North awoke, and the Republican party rallied, with opposition to slavery as its main principle. Events led on, bringing Abraham Lincoln back into political life and to power. The Southerners responded by withdrawing from the Union; and the Civil War began. It should be noted, however, that "disunion" was not an exclusively Southern idea; it was a policy discussed also in the North. Lloyd Garrison, who with the most conspicuous of the early abolitionists was all for peaceful measures, had gone the length of advocating it before Lincoln appeared, apparently in the belief that a free and independent North must by sheer moral force ultimately break down the slaveholding South.

The Far West was an undeveloped land when John Brown made acquaintance with it. Born in 1800, he made his mark on a great time, but did not live to see the America, which we know, of ever-accumulating wealth and of cosmopolitan power. He was but five years old when his father moved from Torrington, Connecticut, where he was born, to Hudson, Ohio. In one of Brown's own letters, written in later years to a young friend, we get a glimpse of his boyhood. Ohio was then "a wilderness

filled with wild beasts and Indians." As a child, he learnt to drive cows and ride horses; he dressed deerskins, captured birds and squirrels, wandered about through the woods, or made acquaintance with the camps of Indians. His school was out of doors, and he grew up hardy and self-reliant. At twelve, he took a drove of cattle a hundred miles, single-handed. There was war with England at that time, and as a youth he saw, in the company of his father, a good deal of military life. He was fond of reading, and taught from earliest childhood to "fear God and keep His commandments." The Bible was a familiar book, and as convictions deepened, his first thought was of the ministry, for which he began to prepare. From this purpose he was turned by a prolonged inflammation of the eyes, which compelled him to give up his studies. Then, with the adaptedness to circumstance which is a virtue in unsettled countries, he followed first one calling and then another. He began with farming, added sheep-farming, and passed on to trading in wool; but found occupation also at different times as land-surveyor, lumber-dealer, stock-fancier, fruit-grower, post-master, and in such other work as comes naturally to a pioneer. Difficulties did not deter him, nor poverty depress. As a wool-merchant he visited England, and passed over to France and Germany. The wool business failed. He became bankrupt, speedily obtaining his discharge, but, with the conscientiousness which had marked his trading, wrote to each creditor, promising to pay debt and interest from time to time, "as divine Providence shall enable me to do"—a promise faithfully kept.

Throughout all these changes there grew upon him the belief that he was "called of God to action against slavery." What dreams he had, or what the purposes he cherished, are of less account than the hard facts of his life. We find him at an early period speaking of "the constant ringing in my ears of the despairing cry of millions whose woes none but God knows." It so happened that Gerrit Smith, of New York, one of the most energetic champions of the oppressed, and a senator, was offering tracts of land in the Adirondack mountains to coloured settlers, a preference being given to escaped slaves. Brown thought that he might find and shelter men here to help him in his plans; moreover, he heard that the first settlers had been cheated by a

John Brown, of Harper's Ferry

dishonest surveyor; and he wrote, proposing to take a farm, clear, and plant it, give employment to the negroes, show them how to work, and be a kind of father to them. Smith readily fell in with the proposal. The experiment met with no sufficient response, but the farm to which the Browns migrated, in 1849, became known as North Elba. Wherever Brown might be, here was his home; from it he went southward to Kansas, and thither, from the gallows, his body was brought to be buried. Mr. Higginson has described the spot. "Through the most difficult of wood paths, and after a half-mile of forest, you come out upon a clearing. There is a little farm-house, unpainted, set in a girdle of black stumps, and with all heaven about it for a wider girdle; on a high hill-side, forests on the north and west, the glorious line of the Adirondacks on the east, and on the south one slender road leading off to Westport, a road so straight that you could sight a U. S. marshal for five miles."

In a letter addressed to his wife a few years earlier we get a glimpse of the man as he was in the midst of his family. He regrets that he has lived so many years and done so little to increase the amount of human happiness.

"I often regret," he adds, "that my manner is no more kind and affectionate to those I really love and esteem. . . . I will close by saying that it is my growing resolution to endeavour to promote my own happiness by doing what I can to render those about me more so. If the large boys do wrong, call them alone into your room, and expostulate with them kindly, and see if you cannot reach them by a kind but powerful appeal to their honour. I do not claim that such a theory accords very well with my practice—I frankly confess it does not, but I want your face to shine, even if my own should be dark and cloudy."

Brown was twice married. His sons caught his spirit, and three of them died in the same cause. The eldest son, John, relates an experience which strangely blends the stern and tender.

"He says he was first put to the tanning business, and for three years his chief duty was to attend to the grinding of bark with a blind horse. Boy-like, he took spells of play when his father was absent, and frequently forgot to supply the machine with the necessary bark. 'But the creaking of the hungry mill would betray my neglect, and then father, hearing this from below, would come up and stealthily pounce upon me while at a window looking upon outside attractions. He finally grew tired of these frequent slight admonitions for my laziness and other shortcomings, and concluded to adopt with me a sort of book account something like this:—

John, Dr.

For disobeying mother . . .	8	lashes.
For unfaithfulness at work	3	"
For telling a lie	8	"

"This account he showed me from time to time. On a certain Sunday morning he invited me to accompany him from the house to the tannery, saying that he concluded that it was time for a settlement. We went into the upper or finishing room, and after a long and tearful talk over my faults he again showed me my account, which exhibited a fearful footing up of debits. I had no credits or off-sets, and was of course bankrupt. I then paid about *one-third* of the debt, reckoned in strokes from a nicely-prepared blue-beech switch, laid on 'masterly.' Then, to my utter astonishment, father stripped off his shirt, and seating himself on a block, gave me the whip and bade me 'lay it on' to his bare back. I dared not refuse to obey, but at first I did not strike hard. 'Harder,' he said, 'harder! harder!' *until he received the balance of the account.* Small drops of blood showed on his back where the tip end of the tingling beech cut through. Thus ended the account and the settlement."

No tyranny that the world has ever seen was more exacting than the slave-system. Englishmen heard much of its patriarchal claims, as also of the wrongs it inflicted; but the prominence given to local and personal incidents, and to State controversies, sometimes obscured the larger national issues. The spirit within it which would strangle souls was but half-revealed in either North or South. Yet, even as late as 1858, we find Theodore Parker writing in a letter—

"The slave power pushes things on rapidly. In Virginia the court decides that a slave has no legal rights to *choice*. A woman left money to her slaves on condition that they would be emancipated by *their consent*. The court decided against the will; so the slaves get neither freedom nor money. Louisiana has just passed a law forbidding free blacks to come in, and banishing all who are there now against the law. If they are found after July 1859, they are to be sold as *slaves for ever*."

It is necessary to remember these things if we would understand the intensity of feeling and sternness of resolution which governed John Brown.

The contest in Kansas quickly developed into a murderous struggle. The Missourians formed secret organisations along the eastern border, and prompted by prominent citizens, sent bodies of men across who held bogus meetings as settlers; and when the time came for the election of a delegate to Congress, they rushed into Kansas, armed with swords, revolvers and rifles, took possession of half the polling stations, and allowed no one to vote who was known to be a Free Soiler. The same tactics were

John Brown, of Harper's Ferry

repeated, with even greater violence, on the election some months later of the first Territorial Legislature. Five thousand Missourians, armed to the teeth, crossed the border. Of the 6218 votes cast into the ballot-boxes, 4908 were afterwards found to be illegal. Every slave candidate but one was elected. The new Legislature hastened to adopt the "Revised Statutes of Missouri," and added an "Act to punish offences against slave property." It prescribed death for assisting a slave to escape; ten years' imprisonment for concealing a fugitive slave; five years for printing anything that might incite a slave to escape. To deny the right of holding slaves by speaking, writing, or circulating paper or book was to risk two years in gaol. The man who when challenged would not swear to support the Fugitive Slave Law was to be disqualified from voting. Nothing could have more clearly shown the blind barbaric spirit engendered by the system. The *bona fide* citizens responded by calling a State Convention, but President Pierce would not recognise it as legal. Before the year was out three Free State citizens had been murdered. Not many months passed before Lawrence, the head-quarters of a small community of Free Soilers, some of them emigrants from the North, was attacked and looted.

Meanwhile, John Brown had arrived. Four of his sons had settled in Kansas, and wrote asking him to come to their help, and bring arms, for they had come without them as settlers bent on peace. These stormy scenes gave colour to all his after years, and brought him to stern determinations. The only political meeting he attended in Kansas was one which would have made it a "Free White State," a proposition which he denounced as an infringement on negro rights. For a while he took up his abode with his sons at Pottawattomie, and a knot of anti-slavery men gathered round him as a leader. There were rumours of an impending attack. He went out as on a surveying expedition, and found out the facts. It was agreed to seize the leaders when they appeared, and try them by Lynch Law. The ruffians came, five of them were captured, tried, and put to death on the spot. Brown had no hand in that act, but he never disavowed the responsibility for it. Was it fanaticism that made him regard himself as God's instrument? He had the Cromwellian

spirit which shows in the pocket-Bible that the Ironsides carried. One thing is noticeable here, how the peace sentiments of the most ardent champions of the slave were gradually overborne by events, till they came to think of red war as the natural fruit of the system, and its just punishment.

Brown had once organised an armed resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law. When in England he had consulted friends as to whether they would favour a forcible liberation of slaves, and was advised not to attempt it. Had he a touch of madness in him, as many thought when they saw the disproportion between his means and his purposes? or had he a larger knowledge than common men of the forces which work to great ends by hidden means? "Weigh Hannibal," said Juvenal, but where are the human scales that can weigh a true soul? The father and sons now took to the woods, where they were joined by a few of the bolder spirits. One who visited their camp has described its strict Puritan rule, and the prayers offered morning and night. The Missourians were still rampant, and laid violent hands on Brown's little town of Ossawattomie, which was sacked, and subjected to many barbarities. Lawrence also was again attacked. Brown was the leader of the defence, and recognised by his assailants in those various skirmishes as a formidable foe. In the summer of 1857 he left Kansas with the object of awakening sympathy elsewhere, and visited Boston, Concord and other places, seeing many of the abolitionist leaders. For another two years the struggle was maintained in Kansas, coming to an end only in 1859, when, the political situation having changed, an overwhelming majority of the settlers rejected the Slave Constitution.

As Brown's plans took more definite shape, he started a military training-school at Tabor, in Iowa, hoping there to drill young men who might aid him. His idea was to call out the slaves in peaceful insurrection, and to lead them to the mountains or other secure place, and there hold them till the Government ensured them freedom. He seems to have taken no account of the inertia which comes with hereditary servitude; nor does he appear to have made any adequate calculation of the resources which so vast an undertaking would demand. There were said to be already 40,000 escaped slaves in Canada, and he next went northward to secure their

John Brown, of Harper's Ferry

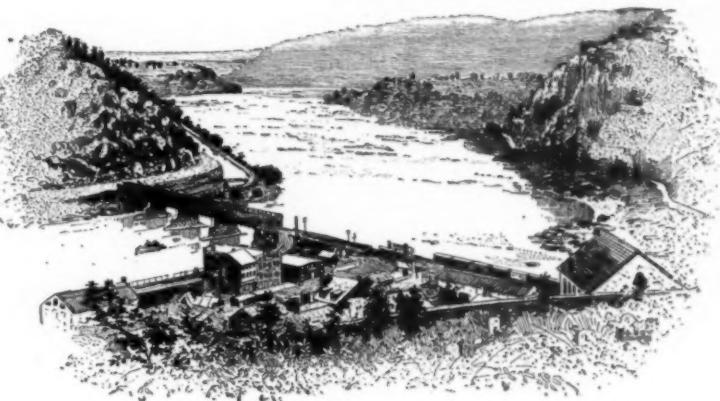
co-operation. At a secret convention in one of the negro churches, he presented a "Provisional Constitution" of forty-eight articles, which was designed to preserve order among the slaves during the transitional period. One of the articles stipulated that they did not wish to overthrow the settled Government of any State; another declared that they looked to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to the amendment and repeal of laws. Forty-four persons, all save a few being black, signed this document. Men like Gerrit Smith, and other abolitionists in whom he had confided, saw the hopelessness of this dream, and sent to warn him. Sanborn was their spokesman. The next day Brown answered by letter—

"I have only had this one opportunity in a life of nearly sixty years. . . . God has honoured but comparatively a very small part of mankind with any possible chance for such mighty and soul-satisfying rewards. . . . I expect nothing but to endure hardness, but I expect to effect a mighty conquest, even though it be like the last victory of Samson."

To another correspondent we find him saying that for twenty years he had never made any business arrangement which would prevent him at any time from answering the call of the Lord.

Missourian bands were still harassing Kansas when he returned. It occurred to him that an invasion of their own territory might possibly check them. Collecting a small body he dashed across the border, and captured eleven slaves. The act spread consternation, and in a few days not a slave was to be seen in the border counties. A few had escaped, others had been hurried away into safer quarters. A price was set upon his head (3250 dollars), but he determined himself to convoy these slaves into the freedom of Canada. It was a journey of 2500 miles; and the Fugitive Slaves Act was in force, but he defied it, and came back unharmed.

A greatly daring movement was now in contemplation. Harper's Ferry was a town of five thousand inhabitants, in Jefferson county, Virginia, on the borders of Maryland, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, and here was the national armoury of the United States, where usually was stored from one to two hundred thousand stand of arms. Brown thought he could capture it, and resolved to make it his first rallying-point. Kagi, a young barrister, of Swiss descent, apparently the most intellectual of the men whom Brown inspired, secretary at the convention in Canada, has described the project as it loomed in their early conversations. He spoke of a chain of counties over which he had himself travelled



HARPER'S FERRY, LOOKING DOWN THE POTOMAC, FROM THE HILL ABOVE THE TOWN

in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, where, with the assistance of Canadian negroes who had escaped from these regions, the slaves would combine, and move to the mountains. They were to be supplied with arms from the arsenal, and fed with provisions taken from the farms of the oppressors. They were to be directed, and held in control, by a central organisation. Brown took a farm in Virginia, about five miles from Harper's Ferry, from which he surveyed the mountains, and where he secretly gathered his band; and he established a small dépôt within a day's journey. In October 1859 he invited Frederick Douglass to an interview, and he came, bringing with him Shields Green, a fugitive slave from South Carolina. They met in an old stone quarry—these four, Brown, Douglass, Kagi, and Green. The

John Brown, of Harper's Ferry

account which Douglass gives is the clearest we have of Brown's own feeling—

"The taking of Harper's Ferry, of which Brown had merely hinted before, was now declared his settled purpose, and he wanted to know what I thought about it. I at once opposed it with all the arguments at my command. To me, such a measure would be fatal to running off slaves, and fatal to all engaged. It would be an attack on the Federal Government, and would array the whole country against us. Captain Brown did most of the talking on the other side. He did not at all object to rousing the nation; it seemed to him that something startling was needed. He had completely renounced his old plan, and thought that the capture of Harper's Ferry would serve as notice to the slaves that their friends had come, and as a trumpet to rally them to his standard."

Brown himself, on his trial, disclaimed the idea of an armed insurrection. It should be remembered that arms were an essential of any movement, if only for defence; he had relied on the North for arms in repelling the Missourians; but the party which attacked the armoury had plainly made no preparation for their removal.

The little band who essayed this desperate enterprise numbered scarcely more than a score, five of whom were blacks. They sallied forth on a cold, dark night—Sunday, October 16, 1859. A one-horse wagon sufficed to carry pikes and other implements. The telegraph wires were cut, all lights turned out, the watchman on the bridge and three watchmen at the armoury seized. The door was burst open with a crowbar; before an alarm could be raised, the arsenal and rifle factory were also in Brown's possession. Soon after midnight, the train from Washington was due to cross the bridge; it was detained a few hours, and then allowed to pass, without injury to the passengers. The first act of the strategy was to seize Colonel Washington, and certain prominent slaveholders, as hostages. With the morning light every townsmen was arrested as he appeared in the streets; and several bodies of slaves were freed. Till noon on the Monday Brown was master of the town. But by midday the militia from Charles-town had arrived, and as volunteers also gathered, his men found themselves overwhelmed, and had to retreat to the armoury, and finally take refuge in the engine-house, with ten of their selected prisoners. There was no rising from without to help them. In the evening a body of fifty tried to

carry the engine-house, but Brown stood firm and they were beaten back. A frenzy of brutal hate raged outside. All through the night that followed, Brown's voice could be heard at intervals, "Are you awake, men?" "Are you ready?" Early the next morning there was another assault, and an entrance forced. Brown was struck over the head with a sword, and bayoneted. Of his band of twenty-two, ten were killed, seven were made prisoners, tried and hanged, and only five escaped.

Governor Wise was one of the first to see Brown after his committal to Charles-town Gaol, and on his return to Richmond he gave his impressions of the man—

"They are themselves mistaken who take him to be a madman. He is a bundle of the best nerves I ever saw, cut and thrust and bleeding and in bonds. He is a man of clear head, of courage, fortitude and simple ingenuousness. He is cool, collected and indomitable, and it is but just to him to say that he was humane to his prisoners, . . . and he inspired me with great trust in his integrity as a man of truth. . . .

"Colonel Washington says that he—Brown—was the coolest and firmest man he ever saw in defying danger and death. With one son dead by his side and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand, and held his rifle with the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure."

The trial could have but one result. He was found guilty of treason, and sentenced to death. While he tranquilly awaited his doom, martial law was proclaimed. When his wife came to say farewell, she had an escort of dragoons, and walked to his cell between files of bayonets, while cannon frowned near by. His letters in those last days have the confident tone of an unshaken faith, they are calm and even cheerful, full of kindly thought and common sense. Here is a passage from a letter to his wife, remarkable as written by a man under sentence of death—

"You, my wife, well know that I have always expressed a decided preference for a very plain, but perfectly practical, education for both sons and daughters. I do not mean an education so very miserable as that you and I received in early life, nor as some of our children enjoyed. When I say plain but practical, I mean enough of the learning of the schools to enable them to transact the common business of life, together with that thorough training in good business habits which best prepares both men and women to be useful though poor, and to meet the stern realities of life with a good grace. You know well that I always claimed that the music of the broom, wash-tub, needle, spindle, loom, axe, scythe, hoe, flail, etc., should first be learned at all events, and that of the piano, etc., afterwards. I put them in that

John Brown, of Harper's Ferry

order as most conducive to health of body and mind; and for obvious reasons, that, after a life of some experience and much observation, I have found ten women as well as ten men who have made their mark in life right, whose early training was of that plain, practical kind, to one who had a more popular and fashionable early training."

In a still later letter to his wife and children, he says—

"I beseech you all to live in habitual contentment with moderate circumstances and gains of worldly store, and earnestly to teach this to your children, and children's children after you by example as well as by precept."

And at the same time he most earnestly pleads with them to make the Bible their study, and prove its truths.

Friday, December 2, 1859, was the day of death. Sentries and patrols guarded the roads for miles around. As he passed to the scaffold, his eye ranged over the landscape. "This is a beautiful country," he remarked. "I have not cast my eyes over it before—that is while passing through the field." Universal sympathy greeted the little party that bore the body home to North Elba. There it was laid in the spot chosen by himself, at the foot of a rock about fifteen yards from his door. A hymn with which he had often lulled his little ones to sleep, famous in old times, was sung—

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home."

The words of Wendell Phillips over the grave glowed with the strong feeling of the hour—

"He has abolished slavery in Virginia. . . . True, the slave is still there. So, when the tempest uproots a pine on our hills, it looks green for months, a year or two. Still it is timber, not a tree. Thus has John Brown loosened the roots of the slave system."

As he passed from the prison, he had given a slip of paper to the officials, containing his last written words—

"I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this *guilty land* will never be purged away but with *blood*. I had, as I now think vainly, flattered myself that without very much bloodshed it might be done."

No one could precisely say what was the

effect of John Brown's action in determining events; but it wrought upon public feeling with immense influence. The noblest spirits of the North hailed him as hero and martyr. The populace were moved by his devotion and courage. There can be little doubt that John Brown's death made sure the election of Abraham Lincoln.

We have been unable to trace the authorship of the song which best embodied the Northern feeling. It seems to have originated in Boston, where it was first sung by a contingent of Boston Volunteers who were marching through the street to the Front, either at the end of 1861 or at the beginning of 1862.

"John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
But his soul 's marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
His soul 's marching on.

"He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so true,
And he frightened old Virginia till she trembled through and through,
They hung him for a traitor, themselves the traitor crew,
But his soul 's marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
His soul 's marching on.

"John Brown died that the slave might be free,
John Brown died that the slave might be free,
John Brown died that the slave might be free,
But his soul 's marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
His soul 's marching on.

"Now has come the glorious jubilee,
Now has come the glorious jubilee,
Now has come the glorious jubilee,
When all mankind are free.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
His soul 's marching on."

W. S.

Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

BY DAVID WILLIAMSON

A SPECIAL and pathetic interest attaches to the article which follows. The interview with Mr. Hugh Price Hughes took place on the day of his death, a few hours before he was taken suddenly ill and passed away in his London home. Once or twice the writer of this interview, realising that Mr. Hughes was far from well, suggested its postponement, but, with the fortitude and the courtesy which always distinguished him, Mr. Hughes begged that the conversation might continue. He had on the previous evening delivered a most impressive sermon in St. James's Hall to a congregation which crowded every part of the building. His theme, which he delivered with a wonderful power, was the Parable of the Prodigal Son. No one in that vast audience ever imagined that it was to be Mr. Hughes's last service, and that his eloquent voice was to be hushed in death within a few hours. On Monday he was busy in his study, where he received the writer of this article. After our talk had ended—and it was throughout a contrast to the vivacious and brilliant conversation of days gone by—Mr. Hughes accompanied the writer to the door of his house, and bade farewell with a gentle courtesy which will live in the memory. In the afternoon he went to hear a paper by M. Paul Sabatier read at Sion College. It may be mentioned that on Sunday he had had a chat with the distinguished French author, whose *Life of St. Francis of Assisi* interested him profoundly. Returning from this meeting at Sion College, he was taken ill, and within a brief time he passed into the presence of his Master, whom he had served so loyally.

It was peculiarly fitting that the very last interview with Mr. Hughes should have been concerned with his experiences as a journalist and with the recollections of his work in London. As he talked, there seemed to be the peaceful realisation that by God's help he had been enabled to do much which needed to be done. Yet there was also a solemn feeling pervading the conversation that perchance not much more remained of working life. The shadows were creeping across the sky; sooner than either of us knew, the last word was to be spoken, and the tired worker had "gone home and ta'en his wages." At the beginning of the interview Mr. Hughes had remarked, "It may add some years to my life," referring to his recent residence in Haslemere, where only a few weeks before he had entered a home presented to him by a circle of friends. But the tale of years was complete,—fifty-five years crammed with zealous work for God,—and, with a swiftness in which all will recognise a mercy, the Master sent for the servant.—D. W.

IV.—A Talk with the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A.

IT may surprise some who have followed with enthusiasm Mr. Hugh Price Hughes as a leader in democratic enterprises to hear that one of the earliest formative influences in journalism which left its mark upon him as a lad was *The Times*. "I was interested in newspapers from a very early age," Mr. Hughes said to me when we were chatting about the conditions of modern journalism, "and I used to contest with my father the first look at *The Times*. I have no recollection of having taken any part in journalism as a youth, but later on I wrote certain articles for the now defunct *Watchman* and one or two other denominational organs. Looking back on the past, I feel that I drifted almost inevitably into journalism on discovering

208

what an essential factor it was in spreading progressive ideas and obtaining support for the enterprises which I had in view. I was at Brixton when the idea of establishing the *Methodist Times* assumed form, thanks to the energy of Mr. William McArthur (now one of the Liberal Whips) and a few other friends. They felt that Methodism needed a weekly paper which could express its ideas as to new movements and form a field where the younger men could contribute to the thought and action of our Church. The founders looked to me to edit the paper, although, as I have said, I had little experience of regular journalism and none of editorship. I went down to consult Dr. Moulton, one of our greatest men, at the Leys School, Cambridge, and his cordial

Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

approval and urgent encouragement sent me back to London resolved to accept the position. We despatched, I remember, a private circular to many of our leading men, asking for their support in the enterprise, and the response was encouraging. In the first leading article which I wrote for the paper (which made its first appearance on January 1, 1885), I said, 'The great need of that vast movement called Methodism is a journal written by young Methodists for young Methodists.' The article which followed the leader in this first issue was by Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M.P., who was then a member of my congregation, and it was entitled 'Are the Working Classes indifferent to Religion?' From the beginning we had the courage of our convictions, and I believe that fact has had much to do with the steady growth of the paper's influence. We had no purpose of making a financial success, and our articles of the company provided against a dividend of more than ten per cent. being paid. We have had the satisfaction of bringing into Methodism a new spirit of courageous grappling with the problems which have come into being in the last few years, and as time has passed on we have seen the movements which at first were scorned and opposed by the older, more conservative school of Methodists, receiving their support and praise. In a word, the *Methodist Times* has justified its existence."

"After eighteen years of editing the *Methodist Times*, what do you recall with special pleasure, Mr. Hughes?"

"Well, I am glad we spoke out with no

uncertain sound about Mr. Parnell. When the Liberal leaders were wavering, the *Methodist Times* came out with an article saying absolutely that Mr. Parnell must quit political life, or at all events cease to lead the Irish party if Liberals were to continue their sympathy with the Irish party. That leading article had a powerful effect in stiffening the resolves of the statesmen who were irresolute as to how to deal with the crisis. Another incident which I am glad to remember was our thorough-going support of Mr. Stead in his crusade for altering the law of the country with regard to the age of consent. Our leader on 'The Justice of Mr. Justice Lopes' was so strong that some of my friends thought I might be committed to prison for contempt of court. To take decisive steps like those I have mentioned involves a heavy risk; but, as I have said, we did not mind doing that so long as we believed we were in the right. For instance, our position on the Home Rule question caused the *Methodist Times* to lose thousands of subscribers, especially in the north of Ireland; and

our attitude during the late war had a similar result. But I am certain a journal such as ours must be definite in its aim and absolutely above the considerations which direct the policy of a newspaper run on merely commercial lines. In the end, your subscribers come back to you, when the passing excitement which caused them to differ has been allayed. I must say I have never quite understood the position of a man dropping the paper he has read for several years just because it takes a

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Photo by Ernest H. Mills
THE LATE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

certain line on a question with which he is not in sympathy. Surely that is only another reason why he should read the paper more carefully, to see what can be said on the other side. As for myself, I have read the *Spectator*, from whose politics I have frequently differed, for the last thirty-five years—in fact, ever since Mr. Hutton and Mr. Townsend united their efforts to give us a first-class weekly review. I have seen the gradual and deserved advance of the *Spectator* to its present leading position, and a corresponding decline in the power of the *Saturday Review*, which was, when I was a young man, the chief literary authority, and exerted considerable influence in politics. And I have read the *Daily News* for a like period, though at times I have entirely disagreed from its policy."

"That brings me to my next question, Mr Hughes. What will be the future aspect of religious journals?"

"It is rash to prophesy, but seeing the state of affairs in America and Great Britain, I should say that the papers which will wield the greatest influence will be those which are not serving only one denomination, but those which have a wide area of interest. Even as regards the *Methodist Times*, which has primarily sought to reach Methodists, you will have noticed that we do not confine either our views or our news to Methodist topics; and I think that has operated in our favour. We find the paper is purchased regularly by many who have not the slightest attachment to Methodism. I was amused, when I was not long ago in Constantinople, to find in a paper which I bought in the streets a column of matter extracted from the *Methodist Times*! And the paper can be found regularly in all sorts of places, from Bishops' palaces and British Embassies downwards. This is what I feel about the future: Religious enterprises will need more and more the voice of the Press on their side; and religion itself must come into our homes in the form of newspapers, thus supplementing the work of the Church, which at its best only covers a few hours weekly. The outlook of such newspapers must be in accordance with the universal movement towards social progress, or, as I have often called it, 'the reconstruction of society upon a Christian basis.' We shall have to pay as much attention to journalism as the Roman Catholic Church or the Salvation Army

have paid. There can hardly be any positions so potent for influence as those which are possessed by Christian journalists. I can hardly exaggerate the advantage which it has been in the growth of the West London Mission to have a journal like the *Methodist Times* to contend for every new idea in the face of opposition. Of course, one can understand the policy of refraining from supporting new ventures, as the Forward Movement was, until they are successful. But it will be readily imagined what an aid the *Methodist Times* has been in propelling these new ideas into acceptance by the most conservative and suspicious of some of our brethren. Then the religious journal of the future must touch the home life. The old notion of the newspaper being only for the seniors has disappeared, and we have now to take into account the younger generation which is knocking at our doors. The serial story is a tribute to that new condition, though in our own columns we do not rely on a serial story so much as some of our contemporaries. By the way, one of the first things which the Rev. W. J. Dawson did in journalism was to write a serial story for the *Methodist Times*, and his is one of several cases where the paper has given an early home to new writers' work. Another point in religious journalism is the increased space which is given to literature. We have found our weekly article on books, started in the *Methodist Times* about a year ago, a much-appreciated feature. Politicians, whom we have always numbered among our readers—you see the *Methodist Times* in most of the large political clubs—like the articles of 'Historicus,' whether they agree or disagree with them. We found the idea of a weekly sermon a good one, and shall be resuming our series. Our model for the formation of the paper and its arrangement of matter was the *Pall Mall Gazette* under Mr. Stead. We were almost the first religious paper to adopt the 'editorial notes' method of dealing with subjects which could not be the subject of a separate leading article. That method has now been adopted by almost every religious journal in the land."

Every reader of the *Methodist Times* is aware of the pervading influence of Mr. Price Hughes in the paper which he edited for eighteen years with such consummate ability. Hardly a single issue during that long period, which has witnessed changes

Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

in the editorship of well-nigh every religious journal in the country, appeared without an article by Mr. Hughes. He was the first to acknowledge the assistance he had received from a succession of able journalists like Mr. Stark, Mr. Edwin Stout (now manager of the *Review of Reviews*), Dr. H. S. Lunn, Mr. W. M. Crook, and the present assistant-editor, Mr. A. P. Grubb. But, in their turn, these gentlemen would be the first to declare how much the paper owed from its commencement to the brilliant gifts of Mr. Hughes as editor. So convinced is the public that the editor of a paper writes every word in the paper, even to the advertisements, that in the case of the *Methodist Times* any paragraph of importance was immediately attributed to Mr. Hughes, whether it had appeared in the editorial section or not. "Fortunately,

very little has ever appeared in the paper," said Mr. Hughes to me, "which I would not father, but at the same time I must disavow the herculean task of writing all that is quoted as mine. I dictate the leaders, and I write a considerable quantity of the editorial notes, but of course I rely more and more upon the staff for other matter." On his recent travels Mr. Hughes wrote several exceedingly interesting articles which have since been published in a handsome book. Despite the heavy burden which he had to carry as Superintendent of the West London Mission—in itself a responsibility too heavy for any other man in the Methodist Church—Mr. Hughes maintained to the end of his life his close connexion with the journal which for twenty years has fulfilled its claim to be "A Journal of Religious and Social Movement."

"God's Will is my Tranquillity"

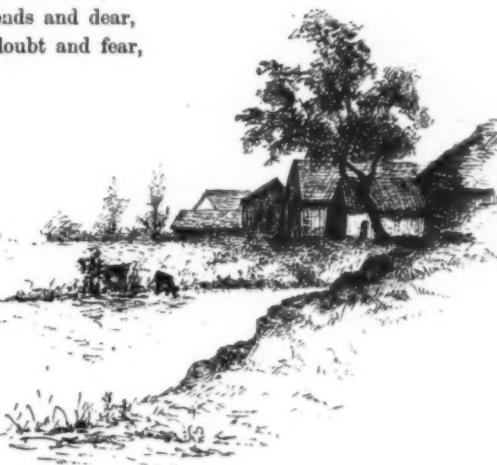
THE waves of Time's tempestuous sea,
That drift apart true friends and dear,
That fill our lives with doubt and fear,
And set to Love a boundary—

Yet murmur low to those that hear,
In soft and steady undertone
Amid the restless surge and moan,
"You shall not always need to fear.

"God's Will is my Tranquillity."
Though out of sight go friends and
kin,
And earth's hard problems, daily
set,
Are ill to solve, and harder yet
May wait us;—hush! above the
din—
"God's Will is my Tranquillity."

Friends dear and true but dearer grow,
And from afar still star-like shine.
No troubles quench the life Divine,
No cares disturb their cheer who know
"God's Will is man's Tranquillity."

E. H. TIPPLE.



The Furnishing of Pat Maguire

BY WINIFRED BOGGS

BY a certain Irish hamlet on the Atlantic there are cliffs that rise sheer from the sea; beneath them, far down, the black waters seethe and bubble as they dash into grim dark caverns, rushing past out-jutting crags with a whirling roar of foam, breaking with a deep crashing boom against the impenetrable sides of the gloomy cliffs, which, in their cold stern grandeur, seem to gaze at the impotent fury of the waters in calm, measureless contempt.

Here, on the top of these northern Irish cliffs, Biddy M'Shane stood motionless one night, watching for signs of life to pass into the field track which led zigzag to where she waited.

The night grew later; the wind died down; the moon, coming out of a small rift in the sky, turned the great gleam of the waters into iridescent pathways of silver; but still the girl's eyes turned westwards.

There was a great stillness lying over all the land, so deep, so quiet, that Nature and all things living seemed at rest; the spirit of silence seemed brooding in the air, save when, now and then, the dark sails of a fishing-smack came, like dreams, drifting through a silver sea away to the Isles of Sleep.

Presently a welcome sound struck upon the girl's strained ear—the sound of merry-makers as they came home rejoicing with song and shout from Kilbahkarraak Fair.

Up the winding path streamed a group of men, with here or there a woman in their midst, wives or mothers, and Biddy M'Shane leaned eagerly forward to scan the faces of the advancing figures as the moon revealed them one by one to her.

Then she drew back with bitter disappointment, the face she looked for was not there. She shrank into the shadows, hoping to remain unobserved while the roysterers passed. The first few noticed nothing, but the second lot, composed chiefly of women, were less easily deceived; one of their number sprang forward and caught the girl by the arm. "Why shure an' it's Biddy M'Shane, no less!" she exclaimed shrilly, then letting her go with a loud laugh, "Is it waitin' for the fairin' ye be?"

212

"Let me be, Kate Flanagan," cried the girl angrily, darting down the path out of reach.

With a laugh and a jest the fairers passed on, and as their voices died away in the distance, silence reigned once more.

The girl resumed her old station, and presently a man's solitary figure made her heart beat high with anticipation; then as the moon shone on fair, not dark, hair, and a man of large, instead of small, stature, her hopes fell again, and she stood sullen and resentful awaiting his approach.

"Why, Biddy, can it be ye zilf?" cried the man, amazed, as catching sight of her watching figure he sprang lightly to her side; "tis little I hoped to see ye this night," and he came closer, looking eagerly into her eyes.

She returned his gaze with indifference.

"'Tis not for ye I be waitin', Pat Maguire," she replied, turning away.

The young man's face fell.

"Arrah, now, Biddy, 'tis teasin' ye be," he said anxiously; "wait till I tell ye what I bought at the fair."

She looked up with a faint glint of curiosity.

"Tis nothin' to me, thin," she said, tossing her head, adding in the same breath, "Ye can tell me if ye like."

"Well, thin, an' iligant rockin'-chair an' no less," with triumph.

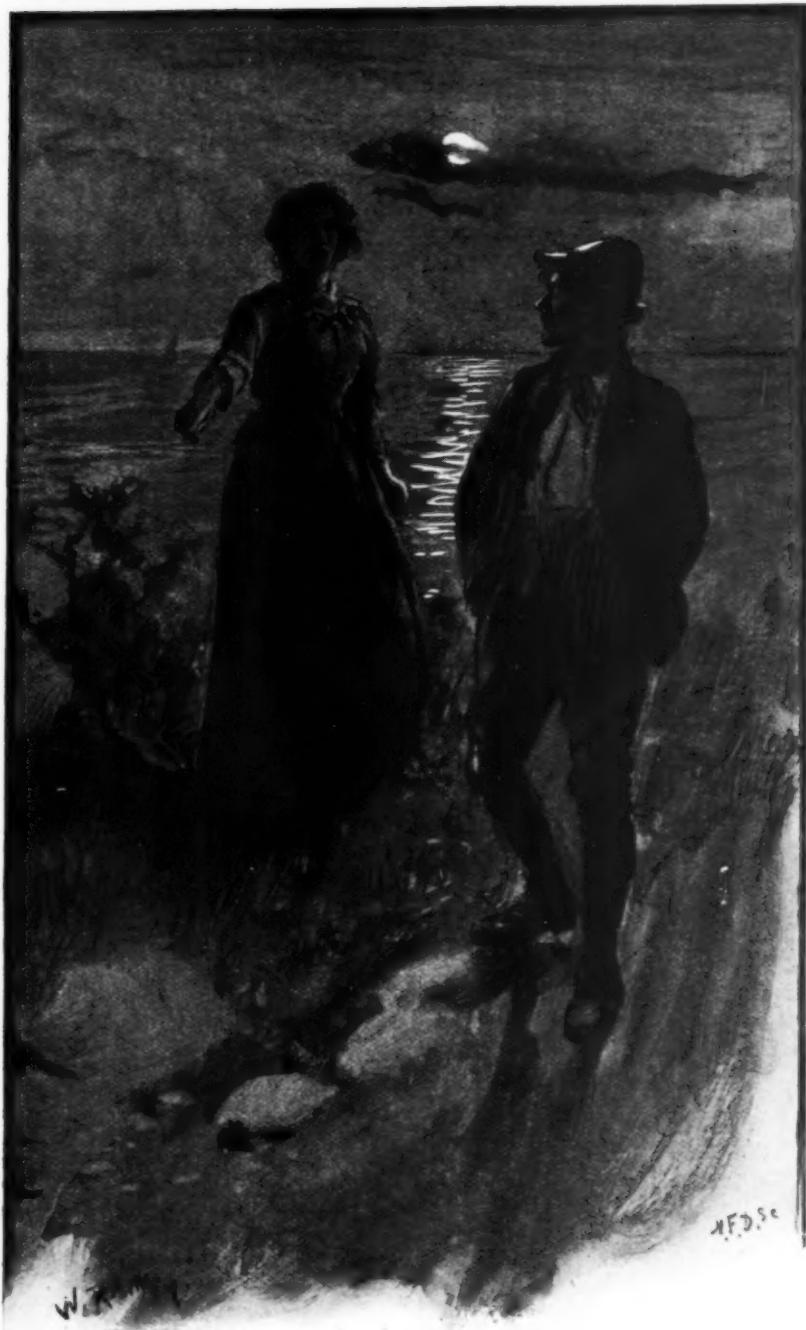
"Ye niver did!" incredulously.

"It's thruth," he replied solemnly. "An' that's not all, either," fumbling in his pockets as he spoke. "See here, Biddy allannah."

Something flashed in the moonlight, and Biddy gave an exclamation of amazement as a little paste butterfly brooch was dropped into her hand.

Never had she seen anything so beautiful before; she gazed at it with dilated eyes and parted lips.

"Rael Oirish dimons the sellar tould me," said Pat Maguire, proudly bending his fair thatch of hair low over the girl's palm, and taking jewel and all into his own brown fingers. "It'll look lovely in yez shawl on Sundays," he murmured admiringly; "shure an' it'll be breakin' the hearts



"NOW, THIN, BE QUICK WID YE," SHE SAID IMPERIOUSLY

The Furnishing of Pat Maguire

of all the other colleens ye'll be, with yez beautiful face and rael Oirish dimons!"

The girl hesitated, then she turned away from the glittering bauble.

"I cannot take it, Pat Maguire," she said in a low voice; "kape it for yez swateheart."

"But it's yezsilf that I want for me swateheart," began the tall young Irishman blankly.

"Haven't I tould ye now," reproachfully, "that I'd niver take ye for me bhoy?"

"Och, Biddy, don't!" cried Pat in a sharp pained voice, "shure it's the loight of me eyes ye are, the—"

The girl pushed him away with no gentle hand. "Git away, ye great nuisance," she cried, with an angry sob, "it's no peace I have wid ye at all, at all. Ye know what I am waitin' here for, and niver a word of him, good or bad. Where is Harry-Bagh?"

"I moight have known," whispered Pat bitterly; "always that wastral, that—"

She turned on him like a wild cat. "Ye shall not say a word against him!" she replied fiercely. "Where is he, thin—where did ye leave him?"

Old Adam was too strong for Pat Maguire, he told the crude truth when a little softening of the facts would have been more gracious.

"Dead dhrunk in the ditch comin' along," he answered roughly.

"Ye—ye coward, ye mane-spirited coward!" cried Biddy, with flashing eyes, "lavin' the poor darlint to catch his death of could in a damp ditch—for shame on ye, Pat Maguire, for shame! 'Tis no daacent Oirish bhoy ye are, but a low croil murthering thafe. Take that," and reaching on tiptoe, the young virago struck the big Irish lad a stinging blow on the right ear.

Pat caught the offending hand and held it tightly, shaking the girl gently.

"It's a damon ye are, for shure!" he muttered admiringly, liking the girl none the less for her show of spirit. "It's locked up or married ye should be."

"And it's rather locked up for life I'd be than married to ye," was the reply.

For a few moments there was silence, then—

"Well, what do ye want me to do?" the young man asked unwillingly.

"Ye know what any daacent bhoy would do."

"Fetch him home?" sulkily.

"Yes."

Another pause, a longer one this time.

214

"Well, I'll do it," he said at length, in anything but cheerful tones, "if ye'll give me—" he paused, confused by the scathing light in the girl's eyes, "if—if ye'll kape the brooch, I mane, an' wear it on Sunday."

For answer Biddy pinned the jewel in her bodice, and pointed down the path.

"Now, thin, be quick wid ye," she said imperiously, "it's gettin' damp."

The young man turned away, murmuring savagely—

"I could be layin' in wather all noight before ye'd moider yezsilf about me."

"The loikes of ye are big enough, and ugly enough, to look after yezselves," was the reply, "an' ye can stan' more dhrink than Harry-Bagh."

"Deed, thin, if I took half—" began the young man, injured, but Biddy was already pushing him down the slope.

"It's slow as death ye are!" she cried impatiently; "what are yez great long legs for?"

"I'm goin'."

An extra hard shove down the steep incline, and the angry Pat was indeed "goin'."

"Good-noight, an' hurry now," called out Biddy before running home, and slipping into the small full cabin without waking the slumberers within.

It is to be feared that Harry-Bagh's passage home was a trifle uncomfortable, and that he would not have blessed Biddy for being the cause of the disturbance of his sweet slumbers in the ditch. Biddy M'Shane was the prettiest girl in Limnagarry; a place where pretty girls were the rule rather than the exception. Needless to remark, she had numerous admirers, the most eligible, as well as the most persistent, being big plain Pat Maguire, a distant kinsman: the least eligible, and most indifferent, was the village Adonis, the black-haired, black-eyed, natty Harry-Bagh.

Pat had a cottage of his own, and almost enough land to constitute a small farm, in the imagination of Biddy's mother. He lived entirely alone, yet his cottage was a model of neatness; it even boasted a few articles of real furniture, and besides the living-room and kitchen combined, had two others.

It was the envy, the despair, the secret hope, of all the unmarried women from fifteen to fifty.

While Harry-Bagh—though his hair was a mass of purple-black curls, his black eyes

The Furnishing of Pat Maguire

fringed with dark thick lashes, his teeth of dazzling whiteness, his merry mouth red and shapely with health and youth, and his small form the essence of dandified elegance—had nothing.

He had friends and sweethearts galore, spirits that nothing could damp, and a humorous view of life that infected even the most destitute, but of worldly wealth not a *sou*.

a fisherman; young and old, all earned their living in this manner for many miles round. To see Harry-Bagh off to the shore with his black eyes twinkling, the gleam of his teeth showing through his merry lips, his red fisher-cap set jauntily on his thick dark curls, was to behold a joyous sight that many a blue-eyed colleen waited to see.

To see him come back with his share of the spoil, whistling lightly as he sorted it



TO SEE HIM COME BACK WITH HIS SHARE
OF THE SPOIL

W. Rainey

He occupied, in company with his parents, nine brothers and sisters, his grandmother and an aunt, and—the pig, a small tumble-down cabin on the Limnagarry road just where it branched off into Blackberry Lane. It was perhaps the most picturesquely situated cabin in the whole country-side: a winding lane with high wild hedgerows led to it; behind it rose the purple mountains of Donegal; beside it, to the right, lay the sea, with grassy slopes one blaze of sea-pinks. Outside the most picturesque, and inside the dirtiest, in all Donegal!

By trade Harry-Bagh was, like his rival,

out, his red cap farther back, his hair dashed with spray, while his dark Spanish face glowed with the sea's brown health, was to see, if possible, an even more joyous sight. Nothing disturbed the even tenor of his happy-go-lucky way. He went to a fair whistling "Kathleen Mavourneen"; he came back after a night spent quite happily in the ditch or lock-up, still whistling "Kathleen Mavourneen," a smile of good-fellowship on his devil-may-care face.

Though by far the most worthless of all the young men about, and the one that cared least about Biddy, she, out of sheer

The Furnishing of Pat Maguire

perversity, set her fancy upon him. When she wanted anything, when she was in trouble, when there were grave matters to be settled, the honest, well-meaning, stalwart, but plain-featured Pat was the one she took counsel with.

Ever since he had been old enough to know what he wanted, Pat had wanted Biddy, and Biddy alone: for him no other girl existed. Till Harry-Bagh's conquering black eyes had glanced into hers, Pat's suit had prospered well enough, and he had worked hard, early and late, at his little patch, cultivating the ground and rearing pigs and poultry with well-merited success.

Owing to his industry, he was at last able to buy a small boat and fishing-tackle, so that everything was clear undivided profit, and he grew, in the eyes of the primitive Irish poor, almost a man of wealth.

It had become second nature to him to make fair his home for the time of Biddy's coming. He still toiled on doggedly, hoping against hope, for he told himself, not always with conviction, that come she would in the end.

Early the next morning after Harry-Bagh's late arrival home, he was on the beach as usual, none the worse for his little indiscretion. He strolled about from one girl to the other, exchanging jests and compliments, saying the same to Biddy as he said to all the girls with any pretensions to beauty, while Pat Maguire stood a little apart looking on with a jealous scowl, and perhaps expecting a word of praise from Biddy for carrying out her commands.

On her part she wondered why he did not come up and speak to her, and something akin to annoyance seized upon her spoiled whims when he went off with the boats without one word.

Harry-Bagh waved a smiling good-bye all round; Biddy could not flatter herself it was intended more for her than the others. She knew and deplored his light fickle nature, but went on coveting his love all the same.

In the evening, when the boats came home, it was much the same; again Harry-Bagh jested with all alike, while Pat Maguire, without a word, walked dourly home.

For a few days things went on in this very unsatisfactory manner. Biddy wore the brooch on Sunday to the undying envy of all the other girls, but Pat never came to mass, and when she took it off and put it

away in an old tin box, angry tears marred the brightness of the jewel.

The next day Harry-Bagh's mother, Mrs. O'Grady, waddled up to her with a wide, good-natured mouth gabbling long before she was in earshot.

She came up panting and breathless, her hands pressed against her fat sides. "Arrah, thin, Biddy me jewel, 'tis yezsilf I've been wantin' to see all this long weary day," she began rapidly. "I've been insulted that never was, wid that wastral Harry-Bagh's foine young English miss."

"Who?" faltered Biddy.

"Haven't ye heard? Shure it's the bad bould heart the bhoy has!" lifting up her hands in mock horror, and trying hard to suppress unbecoming signs of pride. "Ye know that foine English lady's-maid her ladyship brought down?"

"What has she got to do wid Harry-Bagh?" asked Biddy uneasily.

"Shure 'tis his latest swateheart she is—no less, but wait till I tell ye. Harry-Bagh was for bringin' her in to tay, so I put out the china, an' gave her the uncracked mug, I did too—the cratur! An' I dusted the seat of the chair, an' set boxes roun', an' a proud woman I was the day, Biddy M'Shane, wid the foine choilder, an' ducks, an' hens, an' the sides of the pig hangin' up to dry, an' fresh eggs for me foine lady, an' rael bread an' butter, an' everything so genteel an' iligant."

She paused for breath, the girl waiting anxiously for her to continue.

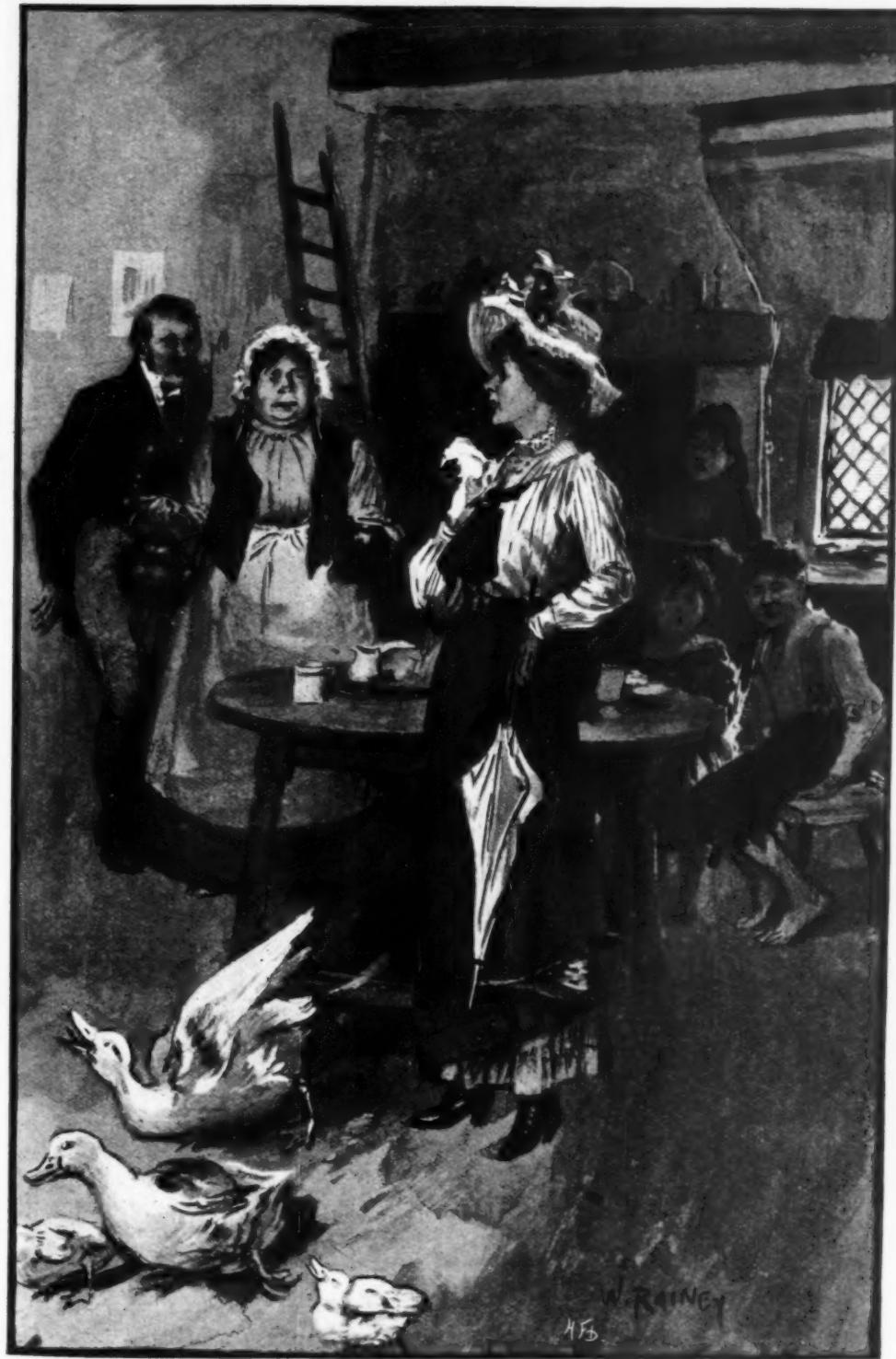
Presently Mrs. O'Grady got started again. "Yes," she went on, "all so foine and iligant, an' I waited for her in me grand new clothes I'd bought second-hand at the fair, an' where the body of me wouldn't meet, I wore Tim's Sunday waistcoat, an' it was a rael trate I was, me dear, though I says it as shouldn't. An' presently came Harry-Bagh an' his English miss, an', by St. Pathrick, what do you think the cratur wore?"

"I can't think," breathlessly.

"A rael silk petticoat, no less," in awed accents.

Biddy's amaze and disgust were great enough even to please that lover of sensation, Mrs. O'Grady.

"It's thrue, an' that's not all, for she lifted her skirts that hoigh, when she come in, and there were silk stockin's an' shoes that small, with tremendijous heels, just like her ladyship's. An' she walked like



THE ENGLISH LADY'S-MAID IN MRS. O'GRADY'S COTTAGE

The Furnishing of Pat Maguire

this, turnin' up her long nose,"—Mrs. O'Grady walked in absurd imitation of her guest's manner, turning up her ridiculous little nose sky high,—“an' when she saw the ducks—the darlins—in the cabin, she squealed and said, ‘Oh, gracious! the hamimals have got into your ‘ut’—called it a ‘ut.’ An’ was so ignorant she didn’t know where the fowls lived! Thin, after I’d put tay in the taypot, she got up and held her foine handkerpiece to her face an’ walked off wid Harry-Bagh, saying she couldn’t stand ‘the low, common Hirish.’ Now,” speechless with indignation, “what do you say to *that?*”

Biddy could have said a good deal, but more of Harry-Bagh’s fickleness than of his mother’s injuries.

She walked home rather thoughtfully. She could not help contrasting Pat and Harry-Bagh. On her way she paused, and looked wistfully at the former’s well-kept potato-patch, but no stalwart form was working there, and with a sigh she went on with dragging footsteps.

Half-way down the lane she met Pat Maguire, who turned and walked by her in silence.

“Have ye lost yez tongue?” asked the girl pertly, at length.

“No, Biddy, but I’ve bought a taypot an’ two china cups an’ saucers widout a crack.”

“Have ye, now?” with affected indifference. “What would ye be wantin’ wid two cups, Pat Maguire?”

“Biddy ye—” he began.

“Well, good-night to ye, shure I see me mother lookin’ for me,” and before he was aware of her intention she had caught up to Mrs. M’Shane’s small wrinkled form in front.

He had no choice save to turn and go home, dwelling on the hardness of his lady-love’s heart.

A few days later, flushed and eager, he stood at the corner waiting to see her pass on her way to the well. No sooner had she appeared than he was by her side.

“Biddy!” he cried breathlessly, “Biddy, I’ve bought a *chest-o'-drawers!*”

The girl’s great Irish eyes grew yet larger in amazement. “I don’t believe ye,” she cried disdainfully; “only the quality have *chest-o'-drawers*, what for would the loikes of ye be buyin’ one?”

“For me woife,” boldly.

“Arrah, thin, I did not know ye was married at all, at all.”

“Biddy,” reproachfully, “ye know my manin’!”

Biddy tossed her head. “I don’t,” she declared untruthfully.

“Come an’ look at it, thin,” he pleaded, “just one little peep, now.”

The girl hesitated, and then turned resolutely away. “No, it’s nothin’ to me,” she insisted, “an’ I must be goin’, Pat Maguire.”

He stood looking after her retreating form in bitter disappointment.

“It’s no good at all, at all,” he thought wretchedly. Then the gloom lifted again as a vision of his green enamelled chest-of-drawers rose before his eyes. “Shure it’s a foine thing entoirely,” he muttered, “an’ wait till I buy a *cow*.”

The news that Pat Maguire had bought a “rael iligant” chest-of-drawers spread like wildfire through Limmagarry, and incredulous groups rushed up to the cottage to see the wonder with their own-doubting eyes.

When they beheld it, one and all were speechless with envy and admiration, and went home scarcely believing the evidence of their own eyes. What would not every woman there have given to possess that wonderful piece of furniture for their very own? And to think that Biddy M’Shane might have it, and all the glories of the cottage, for the lifting up of her little finger!

“Shure ‘tis a proud woman I am this day!” said Mrs. M’Shane, with a gasp.

Biddy was not as indifferent as she pretended, to the event of the year, and she hoped Pat would ask her again to view his purchase. When he did so she decided to give in gracefully after a decent show of resistance; however, as Pat, much to her bitter mortification, did nothing of the kind, keeping instead strictly out of her way, and even leaving her to learn from others that he had added a cow to the establishment, such condescension was not asked from her.

By this time she had forgotten all about the fickle Harry-Bagh and was thoroughly in love with the stalwart young farmer—for so her mother insisted on speaking of him since the arrival of the cow.

The cow calved, and there was a large litter of pigs, but still Pat went on his way regardless of Biddy’s wistful, watching eyes, and one day when she heard he had added a small wooden dresser, with dishes, and

The Furnishing of Pat Maguire

plates, and three jugs to place upon it, she felt she could bear his strange conduct no longer, and lingered in Blackberry Lane at twilight time, waiting to see him pass.

He paused as he came along, and looked at her eagerly, then made as if he would pass on unheeding, but the girl's entreating face, raised to his, weakened his resolution. He stopped and grew suddenly very shy and tongue-tied, standing there big and awkward, his heart full of the love he could not find words to express.

The golden light was just resting on the purple of the mountains; a soft haze of crimson lay behind them, cutting a fleecy cloud into flecks. The purple mountains, the gold, and the crimson, and all the glories of the setting sun were reflected in the azure waters. The bees hummed lazily down the lane, their drowsy buzzing a lullaby; butterflies twinkled from flower to flower, fluttering up and down like tiny gorgeous blossoms, and the smell of earth and peat, and all the summer of Nature, came sweet and strong to the young couple standing side by side.

"It's a stranger ye are now entoirely," said the girl at last, coyly.

Still Pat made no remark.

"How is the chest-o'-drawers?" asked Biddy, looking down.

His face brightened. "Ye should just see it," he cried enthusiastically. "Shure it's the loight of the cottage, an' the iligant side-board, an' plates an' dishes an' jugs an' all! Kate Giligan came in yesterday, an' she said 'twould hould all a body's clothes" (he was referring to the chest-of-drawers), "an' lave room for tay an' sugar besides, an' she tried the rockin'-chair an' said it was the most comfortable she'd ever seen."

Biddy looked at him with jealous, blazing eyes. "I wonder it didn't break wid the weight of the cratur—a great ugly elephant!"

"It's strong as nivir was; shure 'twould hould me *an'* another."

He looked at her slyly.

"An' *her* Sunday clothes in my—your chest-o'-drawers! As if a great ugly colleen like Kate wanted clothes at all."

"Why, Biddy!" exclaimed Pat, mildly shocked, "ye wouldn't have a daacent body goin' about—"

"I'm not sure that she is a daacent body," retorted Biddy, tossing her head.

"For shame—"

"Well, thin," hotly, "is it daacent ye call it, to go to a bboy's cottage an' thry his things, an' his rockin'-chair, an'—an'—" She broke off with a stifled sob.

The idea of that hateful thing trying to rob her of Pat's affection, and—his furniture! She sobbed wildly at the mere thought of it.

Pat stood opposite trying to look into her eyes. "Why, Biddy me jewel, what is it?" he asked tenderly, pulling her hands down from her face; "tell me now, darlint."

"I think it is a pity the chest-o'-drawers, an' the iligant side-board, an' the rockin'-chair, an' the jugs an' the dishes should—go out of the family," she whispered, blushing.

Pat put his arms round her without more ado, and drew her wet face against his own radiant one. "Is it yezsilf that will be wantin' of them, thin, darlint?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," cried the girl, her arms stealing round her lover's neck. "I do want that chest-o'-drawers mortal bad, but—I want ye more, Pat—darlint."



Journalism as a Profession in France

BY ROBERT H. SHERARD

THE well-known French witticism, that journalism leads to everything, provided one leaves it in time, is hardly applicable to-day, for we see in France men who, whilst brilliantly succeeding in other fields, such as fiction, science, and politics, have never abandoned the career—journalism—which first brought their names before the public. Amongst men contributing regularly to the Parisian press are Ministers, even Premiers, of yesterday, who hope by a turn of the parliamentary wheel to be Ministers again to-morrow, the most successful novelists, dramatic authors, and learned professors of science. The fact is that the profession of journalism in France has risen, since the days when that epigram was framed, to quite a leading place. It is true that it is still regarded by the bourgeoisie or middle classes with considerable suspicion, and that generally speaking the qualification “journalist” is no more honorific in France than it is in England, and this for the same reason, namely, that it is only of recent years that the extraordinary development of the wealth and influence of the press has taken place, and that people have not yet had time to get rid of the old prejudice against a career which was essentially precarious, whose followers were generally needy, and in consequence too often men of shifty processes. Certainly the profession has never been held in France, even in its worst days, in such abhorrence as in England. I was reading the other day a memoir of the “unfortunate divine,” Dr. William Dodd, who was hanged at Tyburn for forgery, and came across the following passage, which illustrates the feeling which I am describing: “Though encumbered with debts, he might still have retrieved his circumstances, if not his character, had he attended to the lessons of prudence; but his extravagance continued undiminished, and drove him to schemes which overwhelmed him with additional infamy. He descended so low as to become the editor of a newspaper!”

Still the prejudice exists yet, and to such an extent that in France no parents would bring up their children with a view to entering this profession, which, as a matter of

fact, is recruited as to its humbler branches from men who have failed in other careers. Indeed, for French journalism no preliminary training whatever is requisite, and in Paris the very idea of a school of journalism would be laughed at. In England the man who wishes to work his way up on the newspaper press will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, find it necessary to acquire a good knowledge of shorthand before it will be possible for him to get his foot on the lowest rung of the ladder. In France not one journalist nor reporter out of a hundred has any knowledge whatever of shorthand. Indeed, stenography is looked upon as a very special acquirement, and commands a high price. Until quite recently—that is to say before the introduction of English business methods into French commercial houses—it was impossible to get the services of a French shorthand-writer under a couple of guineas a day. Shorthand is not required in French newspaper offices, for verbatim reports are not published in French newspapers. Accuracy is one of the last things required in a French journalist, just as versatility is one of the first. It is an amusing experience to conduct an English parliamentary reporter into the press gallery at the Chamber of Deputies, and to watch his amazement at the way in which his French colleagues are performing their duties. Each, in an attitude more or less listless and bored, is endeavouring to gather an impression which may stamp his account of the sitting with his own individuality, whilst furthering the particular political interests of his paper. If it should be necessary for him to quote *in extenso* any part of the speeches delivered, he will apply after the sitting to the official stenographers for a copy of that part of their notes. The French papers have no room for verbatim reports, and French readers don’t want them. They don’t want to be troubled to form an independent opinion. What they want is to be entertained, to have their rooted opinion—the opinion which guides them to become purchasers of any particular paper—flattered. The duty of the French reporter is to amuse and to interest his readers, whether describing

Journalism as a Profession in France

a parliamentary sitting or a criminal trial, a political meeting or a street accident, to give a "good story," as the American editors call it. At the same time he must never lose sight of the political interests of his paper.

To illustrate how absolutely accuracy may be disregarded by the French reporter, I may quote two versions of an item of police news which have just appeared in two leading Parisian dailies. The news was of the arrest of an absconding cashier. In one report the man's age was given as thirty-five, and the amount embezzled as £40. In the other report the cashier figured as a man of sixty-eight, the sum abstracted being set down as £320. Details mattered little to the writers, each dressed the story up in what he considered the most interesting way. The exact facts were supplied to each at the Central Police Station, where every morning the day's police news is pasted up in bulletins on a large board, from which the *faits-divers* reporters copy it down. These particular reporters, knowing that accurate detail is not wanted, probably neglected to take down particulars, but came away with the bare information that a cashier had been arrested, and made paragraphs on the fact, each in the way which he thought would most interest the public. In which connexion it may be remarked that the police-news column is considered by most Parisian editors as one of their most important departments. Villemessant, the founder and first editor of *Le Figaro*, used to say, "The Parisians are more interested in a *faits-divers*, even if it only be the account of how a dog was run over in the street, than in a war between two foreign powers." And as a matter of fact it is to the *faits-divers* column that nine out of ten French newspaper-readers turn first. Their attention goes next to the *feuilleton*, or serial story.

It is usually as a contributor of stray items of local news that a man gets his first connexion with the Paris newspaper offices. The fee paid for the first news of any incident worthy of note never varies. Custom has fixed it at two francs or eighteen-pence. Many out-of-works and street-loafers earn a precarious living by selling eighteen-penn'orths of first information at the various offices, the money being paid at once after the truth of the incident has been verified by a reporter despatched to write an account of it. For the two francs are for the

information, the "pointer" alone, and do not include copy. Where the casual reporter can supply an interesting account of the incident he will become entitled, besides his fee, to so much a line. The rate of lineage varies, according to the papers, from three-pence to a halfpenny a line, and depends mainly on the generosity of the sub-editor in charge of the *faits-divers* column. He receives a certain fixed monthly sum for the expenses of this column, out of which he pays stray contributors, and, of course, he endeavours to make their share as small as possible.

One of the best-known Parisian journalists began thirty years ago as a stray contributor of police news at a penny a line to the *Figaro*. He is now drawing salaries of upwards of £2000 a year, and is an officer of the Legion of Honour. Guy de Maupassant in one of his most remarkable novels describes the career of a successful French journalist. In the first chapter we find him walking about the boulevard with half-a-crown in his pocket. He is a small clerk in a railway office, and so ignorant that he cannot write a correct grammatical sentence; indeed, can hardly spell properly. We take leave of him as editor of the most important daily, on which he commenced as a reporter at a few sous a line. The story was said to be taken from life, and, indeed, Parisian journalism affords many examples of similar careers.

Villemessant, who may be considered the creator of the new French journalism as it exists to-day, used to say that a man who could write a bright, interesting paragraph of local news could write anything that was wanted in a Parisian daily. His custom was, when the day's *Figaro* was brought to him, to turn to the *faits-divers* column, and if any paragraph struck him as particularly well-turned, he would order it to be cut out and pasted up on a board in the editorial common-room as an example and lesson to the staff. He would then inquire for the writer's name, and an invitation to lunch at his magnificent home would usually follow. In this way many a penny-a-liner got his first permanent standing on the *Figaro*. A man so promoted from the ranks of outside contributors—and these remarks apply to most of the other Parisian dailies—would receive in addition to his lineage a small monthly salary, say from four to eight pounds. The Parisian journalist, however high his position may be and

Journalism as a Profession in France

however big his fixed salary, never loses his lineage. The big leader-writers receive so much a month, *les lignes en plus* (besides lineage). This may reach as high as five-pence a line, but the usual average is half that sum. Writers of serial stories, on the other hand, rarely bargain for less than five-pence a line, and get it too, for a good serial is, as every French editor knows, what sells his paper. Tenpence a line is often paid.

Having once got on the salary list, and having thus secured the right of entry to the *salles de rédaction*, or editorial rooms, the future career of the journalistic aspirant will depend entirely on his versatility and power of amusing his readers. "You don't need information," said an old journalist to Maupassant's hero; "anything of that sort you can get out of the reference-books in the editorial library." The ignorance of French journalists, especially on foreign affairs, is a by-word all over Europe. As a matter of fact, with the exception of one or two papers of the "serious" class, the Paris press cares nothing for foreign matters except where French interests are concerned, and here again accuracy is the very last thing that is considered. In a very large proportion of Parisian newspaper offices there is no special foreign sub-editor. Anybody not otherwise employed may be called on to write up, from the agency telegrams, the few paragraphs which are printed under the heading of "Etranger."

Apart from the dramatic critic and the law court reporter, no member of a Parisian newspaper staff is expected to be a specialist. He must be ready to turn his hand to anything, from a description of a sitting at the Senate to a report of a street row. The dramatic critic, who is usually a man of considerable standing, usually fills in time by writing short stories or leading articles for other papers. The exclusive services, even of a salaried journalist, are rarely stipulated for, and there are many men on the staffs of three or four papers simultaneously exercising different functions on each. It is only in this way, in view of the very small salaries that are paid, that a journalist can get his living. The law courts are almost invariably "done" by a barrister of literary talent. Little beyond assize court news is given, and when a big *cause célèbre* is being tried no limit of space is imposed. In this connexion it may be added that another specialist is the man

who reports capital executions for his paper. This unpleasant duty, which, however, affords plenty of opportunity for fine writing, is almost always regarded as the perquisite of one particular member of the staff, who would relinquish it on no consideration whatever. Monsieur Grison, of the *Figaro*, has reported close upon one hundred "guillotine-mornings."

Until recently the highest salaries and lineage rates were paid to the *chroniqueurs* or leader-writers. By leading article, or *Premier-Paris*, it must be remembered, is meant any "copy" which is printed in the first columns of the first page of the paper, and may be either a political article, a social essay, a short story, or a dramatic dialogue. The best-known writers of *chroniques*, by contributing regularly to two or three dailies, could earn £2000 a year. M. Albert Wolff, *chroniqueur* on the *Figaro*, earned 80,000 francs a year for several years before his death, and to another *chroniqueur* on the same paper, who had resigned his engagement, a premium of £4000 down and an assured salary of £2000 a year were offered to induce him to resume collaboration. Since, however, the spirit of American journalism has permeated the French press also, the best prizes in the way of salaries and lineage fall to the adepts in what is called *le grand reportage*, that is to say, the purveyors of those journalistic sensations with which readers of American papers or Americanised English journals are so painfully familiar. The interview, the record-beating journey round the world, the experience *in propria persona* of unpleasant social conditions, are to-day the kind of copy for which the highest prices are paid. Masters of the art of *grand reportage* are now attached at very high salaries to almost all the Parisian dailies.

The supply of journalists in France so far exceeds the demand that one never sees an advertisement of a vacancy on any staff, nor would anybody desiring journalistic employment dream of offering his services in this way. There are not more than two papers in Paris on which staff engagements are offered to people other than those who have worked their way up from the position of stray contributor. I except, of course, men of such brilliant capacities as Zola or Daudet, for instance, who secured engagements as *chroniqueurs* on the strength of a first article of great merit, and I am speaking only of working journalists of no

Journalism as a Profession in France

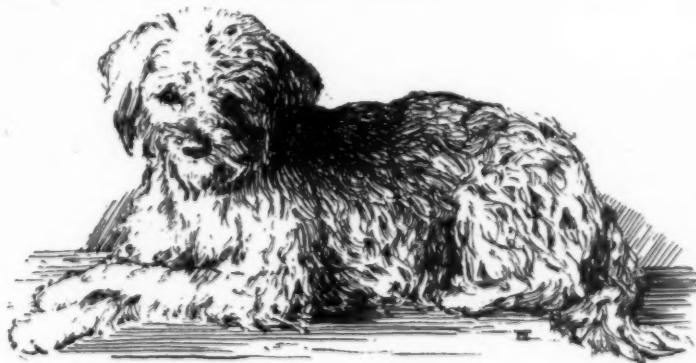
marked literary ability. For the two papers to which I refer, and in which anonymity is more or less strictly observed, men are sometimes engaged who have distinguished themselves at the University or the Ecole Normale. A salary of twenty-four pounds a month would be considered a very liberal offer to a scholar of distinction. It would command his exclusive services, and in return his daily attendance at the office for a certain number of hours, and the production of a considerable amount of copy would be expected. It should be added that as a general rule newspaper engagements can be determined in France at a week's notice, as in America. In some offices a man can be sent about his business with a minute's warning.

The Parisian journalist of note is a man of social standing, who by his contributions to the papers can gain a literary reputation fully as widespread and as dignified as in any other branch of literature. He will be made much of in the literary salons; he will hear himself addressed as "dear Master," and though he may never have published a book other than volumes made up of his contributions reprinted, he may aspire to a seat in the Academy. These advantages result in the main from the personal publicity enjoyed by French journalists, for, with one or two notable exceptions, all Parisian newspaper editors allow their contributors to sign their articles.

The prizes in journalism are higher in France than in any other country in Europe, but, on the other hand, no profession is more overcrowded, in none is the struggle for existence amongst the rank and file more bitter. If on the wealthy journals salaries and lineage are fairly good, it should be remembered that many Parisian

dailies are not even self-supporting. These drag out an obscure existence, thanks to the subsidies from the secret service funds at the disposal of the Government. There is more than one Parisian daily whose circulation never exceeds, if it ever reaches, a thousand copies. What remuneration can be accorded to staff and contributors on such papers may be imagined. Many talented men are forced to spend their lives in the most squalid Bohemianism. Certain papers exist on gratuitous copy which is furnished by writers who hope by this means to establish a reputation. In some offices the staff is paid in kind, goods taken in payment for advertisements being handed to them to dispose of to the best advantage. Alexandre Dumas used to remunerate the contributors to one of the numerous papers he founded with the produce of his market-garden.

The life inside a Parisian newspaper office is eminently free-and-easy. It lacks the decorum of a London office. The contributors usually work in one big room, the *salle de rédaction*, and are as noisy and free-and-easy as they please. Smoking is invariably indulged in, nor is alcoholic refreshment wanting. On the other hand, certain offices, those of the prosperous and wealthy papers, are highly luxurious and fitted with every convenience. A *salle d'armes*, or room where fencing is practised under the guidance of a professional teacher, is considered an indispensable adjunct. For to succeed in French journalism it is even more important to fence well than to be skilful as a writer, and the man who enters on this career must expect to be prepared to fight at least three duels. He can establish no footing for himself until he has done so.



The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris, with other Characters in *Adam Bede*

BY WILLIAM MOTTRAM (A GRAND-NEPHEW OF THE BEDES)

III.—The real Life-story of the veritable Adam Bede

"I ask not of his lineage,
I ask not of his name,—
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim;
The palace or the hovel,
Where first his life began,
I ask not of; but answer this—
Is he an honest man?"

THE person whom we know as Adam Bede, in real life was known as Robert Evans. His career began its course in the home we have described, standing on Roston Common. He was the fourth son of George and Mary Evans, and was born in 1773. In those days the common was a breezy spot, with wide open spaces all

around. Only the name of it remains to-day. In 1824 the common was enclosed and appropriated. The house stood by the way-side, with the workshop, the timber-stacks and the saw-pit at the south end. In *Adam Bede* we read of another workshop at Hayslope, where Mr. Jonathan Burge was the proprietor, and Adam and Seth Bede were employed as journeymen.

We may as well dismiss the idea of a Mr. Jonathan Burge from our minds. He and his workshop are a creation of the literary artist to fill up the plan of her story. Mary Burge need not excite one whit of either our admiration or compassion. She is purely a child of the magician's wand.



HOUSE IN WHICH ADAM BEDE LIVED IN ELLASTONE, AND THE SUBSEQUENT HOME OF WILLIAM EVANS,
SENR., AND WILLIAM EVANS, JUNR., THE FAMOUS BUILDERS

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

She was ideally required, and she came. She has served her purpose as a foil to other characters, therefore we may as well dispense with her.

It was in the father's workshop that Adam Bede first plied his craft. The business was of an inclusive kind. A considerable part of its range was to manufacture implements and appliances, carts and wagons, for the use of the farmers. Iron was not employed then for ploughs and harrows as it is to-day. Hand labour had not been displaced by machinery, as is the case now. Hence, a considerable variety of tools had to be made locally. The village carpenter also manufactured the greater portion of the useful household furniture required by his neighbours; he was the coffin-maker and undertaker for the whole locality, and if new houses, cow-sheds, barns or stables were required, he would undertake their erection.

It was in this homely and useful industry that Adam Bede commenced his successful career. He was schooled to hard work from the beginning. There is no doubt he was a favourite pupil of Bartle Massey. Neither is there any doubt that he was regarded as the most hopeful of the five sons of his father, although only the fourth. The eldest brother was a generous, good-hearted fellow, but the blighting and paralysing temptation of strong drink fastened its cruel fangs on him in early manhood. In consequence of this evil, he did not make the best of his life, and was the only one of the brothers who did not survive to old age.

Adam Bede made his first independent venture in life by setting up in business for himself in the village of Ellastone, the next adjoining parish to Norbury, only divided from it by the river Dove. Ellastone



WOOTTON HALL, THE SEAT OF THE BROMLEY DAVENPORTS, OCCUPIED BY FRANCIS NEWDEGATE, ESQ., AT THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST CENTURY

afforded a more eligible situation for business and is a much larger parish. I do not think the young artisan had at this time any ambition beyond that of being a hard-working, energetic carpenter and builder. Out of his father's workshop he stepped into one of his own, still in friendly relations with the old home and the old business, which went on for some years under the superintendence of the father, assisted by others of the sons.

Eventually, the establishment of Roston Common was broken up and its interests concentrated at Ellastone, where the old gentleman died at the age of ninety years, A.D. 1830. How Adam Bede came to give up his prosperous business in Ellastone is a story quite easy to tell. In the parish there is a picturesque gentleman's seat called Wootton Hall. It is situated on the southern slope of Weaver Hill, close to the hamlet of Wootton. Concerning this small place there is a couplet which says—

“ Wootton under Weaver,
Where God comes never ! ”

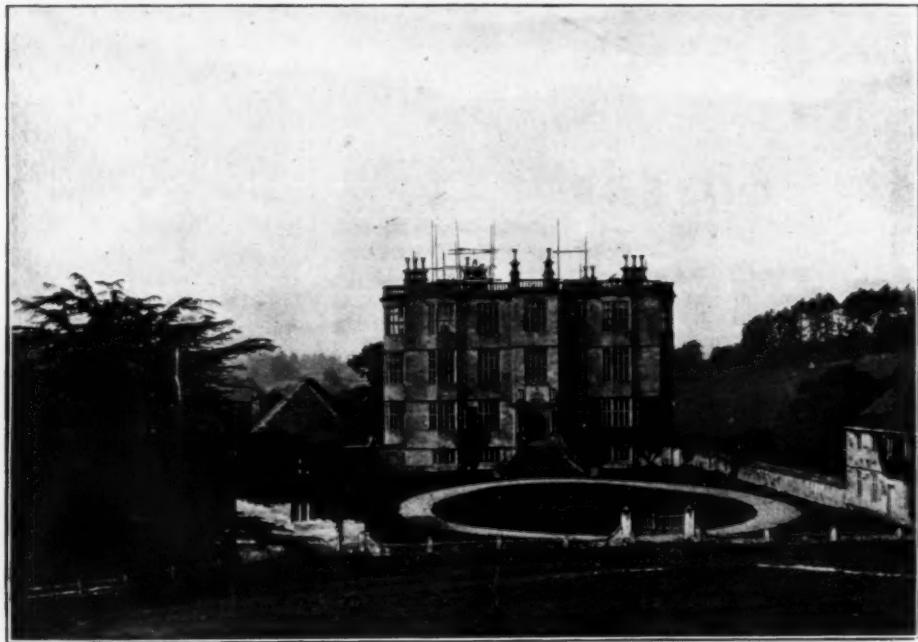
I have heard it said that, if the statement expressed in this couplet had been really true, a much greater number of persons would have made it their abode than Wootton has ever contained, which is likely enough to be a true statement, since from

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

the tenor of their lives it would appear there are many who would wish to get away from God, were it only possible to do so. I imagine that the author of the couplet, which is at least two centuries old, held a view of Wootton which was not intended to be complimentary to its inhabitants.

I have often thought that this little hamlet may have been in the author's mind when she wrote of Hayslope. It has many things in its favour, though, doubtless, Ellastone must retain the preference. Wootton has the distinction of giving a

In my early days Wootton Hall was both owned and occupied by the Rev. Walter Davenport Bromley, an eccentric and wealthy clergyman. By purchase he greatly extended the estate, and spent large sums of money in reclaiming and developing a wide tract of land on Weaver Hills; bringing it into cultivation and erecting upon it fences, farm-houses and out-buildings, raising plantations here and there, and so parcelling out into farms an expanse which had been mostly an unproductive waste, covered with thorns, gorse and



MRS. CATHCART'S HOUSE, WOOTTON LODGE, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE UNWINS

name to two romantic country seats, the other being the family abode of the Unwins, and is called Wootton Lodge. This building is a castellated mansion, said to have been designed by Inigo Jones. The scenery around it has inexpressible charm, and it is melancholy to reflect that the noble house is dismantled now, owing to the vagaries of its present owner, the well-known litigant Mrs. Cathcart, whom I well remember as a Miss Unwin, and an heiress, many years ago. The scaffold poles on the roof of the house will show that the builders are now engaged in works of restoration.

bracken. Well do I remember standing at the front door of my father's house when a boy, to watch in the evenings the blazing fires which continued for months full in our view, whereby the low brushwood on Weaver was consumed to ashes preparatory to the cultivation of the soil.

Little did I think in those days that my eldest sister, then a young child at home, would spend the whole of her married years as a veritable Mrs. Poyser in real life, the cheerful and busy wife of an old schoolmate of mine, Mr. Jas. Wheeldon, who has in the process of years become the senior tenant-farmer on the Wootton

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

estate, and has occupied in succession two of the farms reclaimed by the enterprise of the Rev. Walter Davenport Bromley. As far as I know, this gentleman was the only proprietor who, during the last century, occupied Wootton Hall for any length of time. Its usual fate has been to be let to a tenant, and it was so let in the days of Adam Bede.

The necessities of the case would seem to make this hall an indispensable part of the belongings of the author's story. It should be the "Donnithorne Chase" we read of, if there be any agreement at all between the biography and geography of the fiction. On this point there has been much speculation. Some writers are of opinion that Arbury Hall, in Warwickshire, is the real prototype of Donnithorne Chase; others affirm that Calwich Abbey, near Ellastone, the residence of the Duncombes, has that distinction. I think the latter has been mentioned because of the suggestion conveyed in the name that it has some time or other been the home of a religious fraternity, which is true also of Arbury. But I am of opinion, weighing all the circumstances of the case, that Wootton



WALK FARMHOUSE AND BUILDINGS BUILT BY REV. WALTER DAVENPORT BROMLEY
ON WEAVER HILLS, OCCUPIED BY MR. J. WHEELDON

Hall is the true original of the Donnithorne Chase.

It was the tenant of Wootton Hall who lifted Adam Bede out of his native surroundings and gave to his life an entirely new direction. This was one Francis Parker Newdegate, a scion of the Newdegates of West Hallam Hall, near Ilkeston, and also a relative of the Newdegates of Arbury Hall and Astley Castle in Warwickshire. This gentleman occupied Wootton Hall for some years prior to his succeeding to the extensive estates which afterwards fell to his lot both in Derbyshire and Warwickshire, and of which he was the owner till death deprived him in 1835. It was during Mr. Newdegate's residence at Wootton that he made the acquaintance of Adam Bede.

At first the clever young artisan was employed in his regular handicraft, which appears to have given lively satisfaction.

He also formed an acquaintance with one Harriet Poynton, who was a highly-esteemed and confidential servant in the Newdegate family, who ultimately became his first wife. Some of Adam Bede's relatives imbibed the notion that this union had not a little to do with his speedy promotion. Be this as it may, the advancement was sufficiently remarkable and was eminently satisfactory to both parties. It is evident that Adam Bede's first wife was a person much valued



WEST HALLAM HALL, DERBYSHIRE, SEAT OF THE NEWDEGATES

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

by the Newdegates, inasmuch as one of the Newdegate tablets in Astley church records the fact that she was for "many years the friend and servant of the family at Arbury." It is also manifest that Adam Bede himself won and retained the entire confidence of the Newdegates of more than one generation. When Mr. Francis Parker Newdegate became the owner of the West Hallam estate, he resolved to have Adam Bede as his estate manager and steward. In view of this appointment the business at Ellastone was transferred to his brother Thomas, while he himself, in addition to exercising the functions of steward, became a farmer also, residing at Kirk Hallam.

The death of Sir Roger

Newdegate, M.P., in
1806, wrought
another change
in the fortunes
of Adam Bede.

His patron
now suc-
ceeded to
the Arbury
Hall and
Astley
Castle estate,
the baronetcy
becoming ex-
tinct. This estate
was much more
important than that at
West Hallam, and was at
once placed under the
management of Adam
Bede. The farm he had
occupied at Kirk Hallam was now trans-
ferred to his brother Thomas, with a sub-
agency, and the business at Ellastone
passed to their brother William, in whose
hands, and those of his son, it rose to great
distinction.

In Warwickshire, the newly-appointed steward became a farmer, even as he had been at Kirk Hallam. For a period of fourteen years he occupied Arbury Farm, close to Arbury Park. Here the first Mrs. Evans died in 1809, leaving two children, Robert and Frances Lucy. My aunt Harriet was named after this good woman, and my mother after her only daughter.

In 1813 the second marriage occurred; three children were born of this union, of whom "George Eliot" was the youngest, her birth happening in 1819. The next year

Arbury Farm was given up and Griff House, with the farm attached to it, became the abode of the family for the remaining portion of Adam Bede's business life. It is a spacious dwelling, pleasantly situated by the side of a main road, and embosomed among shrubs and trees. Everything now prospered with Adam Bede. His dairying business was well managed by his thrifty and capable wife, and he himself became an acknowledged authority in the management of estates for many miles around. One after another, estate owners engaged his services, until he became chief steward to Lord Aylsford, Lord Lifford, Mr. Bromley Davenport, and other proprietors. Besides

this, he was in large request
as consulting steward,
arbitrator and valuer.

With his familiar
horse and gig
he covered
many thou-
sands of
miles every
year.

As a stew-
ard he
seems to
have been
both wise
and just, but
to the thrifless
and incapable he

could be relentless
and firm. If tenants
were in difficulties, but
exhibited worthy traits
of character, he would

be patient and helpful, and while retaining the confidence of all his clients he was also respected and trusted by the tenantry. He was a staunch churchman and a steadfast Tory, who believed with an unwavering faith in the existing institutions both in Church and State, and was not quick to see why others should be dissatisfied with a social order which gave him so much complacency. That they were dissatisfied was not to their credit, still, he was too tolerant and too busy to interfere with them for their religious or political views; nevertheless, it could be seen that such persons did not rank high in his judgment.

The presentation of Adam Bede in the novel only relates to the Derbyshire and Staffordshire days, while in Mr. Hackitt and Caleb Garth we have the steward-farmer of

FARMHOUSE, KIRK HALLAM, WHERE
ADAM BEDE LIVED



The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

later life. The author guards us against the supposition that Adam Bede is an exact portrayal of her father, and we are bound to accept her unquestionable authority. Nevertheless, it is pointed out by her personal friends, Mr. Oscar Browning and Sir Leslie Stephen, that much more of her experiences in real life crept into her stories than she was fully conscious of or would even allow. All who knew the Robert Evans of real life and his prosperous and useful career would acknowledge that his portrayal in *Adam Bede* is just such an one as might have been suggested by the author's close knowledge of her own father.

And what is it that we have before us in the portrait of Adam? I make no hesitation whatever in saying that we have here the finest character of a workman which literature has ever produced. To have painted for us such a character amid such surroundings and such issues, the authoress has become a world-benefactress. What a manly man is Adam Bede! Doubtless, he has his faults. He is imperious, impatient and somewhat austere in his judgments at times, but in the inner soul of him how tender he is, how truthful, how independent, how magnanimous, how real, how reverent and godly. How well worthy of his place as bass singer in Norbury church choir is this real Adam Bede. There is no festering mould of weakness anywhere, none of that "*moral seesaw*" which, in Arthur Donnithorne, was the cause of irresolution and mischief. This is a rare character. You find in Adam not an atom of pretence, cant, or humbug. Here is a man true to himself, and has not our great poet told us that he who is true to himself can never be false to any other man? He loves work; to him it is not sent as a curse, but is taken as it is—a real blessing both to the worker himself and the world he helps and adorns. He will be just, whether to employers or employed, and he will ever do all his work as consciously under the Great Taskmaster's eye. How pleasant is the picture of him breaking the concert of the tools in the workshop by singing in manly, sonorous tones—

"Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear:
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways."

When the work for the day is all done the same noble strain fills his soul and employs his voice as he plods his way homeward. You have here a man who hates with burning hatred all that is mean and contemptible, despises all shams, and has honestly deserved all the success he



KIRK HALLAM CHURCH, OPPOSITE THE FARMHOUSE OCCUPIED
BY ADAM BEDE

has won in the world. It does us good to contemplate the picture of such a model of a man as this.

Two brief extracts from letters written by Adam Bede to his brother Seth, when both were advancing in years, will serve to show on what excellent terms the brothers were to the last, and will help to confirm the view of Adam portrayed for us by his gifted daughter. They are both dated from Foleshill, the home of retirement, near Coventry. They will also show that even in his days of age and leisure he was still frequently engaged as consulting steward

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

for some of his old employers, to whom he still alludes as his masters.

"I am very thankful that my health is pretty good, and I am happy with my masters, and go on very pleasantly with all of them, but I feel my strength failing me in some degree this last year. I cannot walk so much as I wish to do, as I like walking so much better than riding when I go over farms. I am glad to hear that my brother William is better [Mr. Wm. Evans, senr., of Ellastone]; he is, I believe, going into his 75th year and I am in my 71st. We must not expect to continue here many more years, but we must be like good soldiers. When the word of command is given I hope we shall be both ready and willing to obey the call, and leave all these good things provided for us here which we enjoy so much, and which I am very thankful for as well for my family as for myself, as I have been blessed in this world more than I ever expected to be. Mary Ann [George Eliot] is very well, and sends her love to you. I am glad to hear that your wife [Dinah Morris] holds pretty well. Give my last respects and love to her, and accept the same yourself from

"Your loving brother,
"R. EVANS."

This letter was written "September 22nd, 1843," and there is a later one under date of "May 27th, 1844." In this the writer makes a statement which one could appropriately associate with the Adam Bede we know in literature.

"I hope your health will continue good so that you can perform your duties. It is a happy thing that you have not to keep the accounts, as you are getting older every day. Looking after the workmen is a pleasure to me; I had rather do it than not. Those who have been industrious and have led an active life will never be so happy out of business, though they could afford it."

There speaks the old, practical, commonsense Adam Bede.

One story told me by the youngest son and successor in the estate agency of the real Adam Bede, I will here relate. It was my pleasure to dine with this gentleman (Mr. J. Pearson Evans) in the Inns of Court Hotel, in Holborn, in the month of October 1890. He was then a fine, hale-looking man, upright in stature, fresh in complexion, positive in speech, with the strongly-marked characteristics of the Evans family. You could always trace in

the Evanses, as I knew them, a certain self-respecting dignity, definiteness of opinion, a good degree of confidence in their opinions, strong common-sense, strict regard for truth, sterling uprightness, deep-toned reverence, and supreme respect for that which is proper and respectable. At the time of our interview, Mr. Evans was over seventy years of age, and had not been very well. Still, to look at him, one would have thought that there might be in store for him several years of useful activity before the end came. He told me, however, that of late the feeling had come over him that his active work was nearly, if not quite done. I reminded him of the old age of many of our mutual relations, and said I could see no reason why he should not attain a similar age. His only reply was, with a deep-drawn sigh, to say that he had the feeling it was not to be so. Within four days of this interview he was summoned hence by sudden death!

It was not for this solemn intimation that I introduced Mr. Evans's name in this connexion, but to relate an anecdote he told me, illustrative of the character of his father, the original of Adam Bede. He said that one day towards the end of his life his father referred to the moderate estate he would leave behind him. He said it would not be found to be a large amount, that many men placed in his circumstances would have grown very rich, *but that he had striven to do the best he could for all the clients who had employed him.* What a different world it would be if all were equally true to their trusts.

I think this picture of the real Adam Bede, from the lips of his son, may fitly close our account of his worthy life. Does it not agree perfectly with the finished presentation of him given us by his gifted daughter in her noble book? and does it not discover to us the lofty ideals of an honest man? Is it not also a true saying about an honest man given to us by Alexander Pope—and such as he describes, in truth, was Adam Bede always—

"A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God."



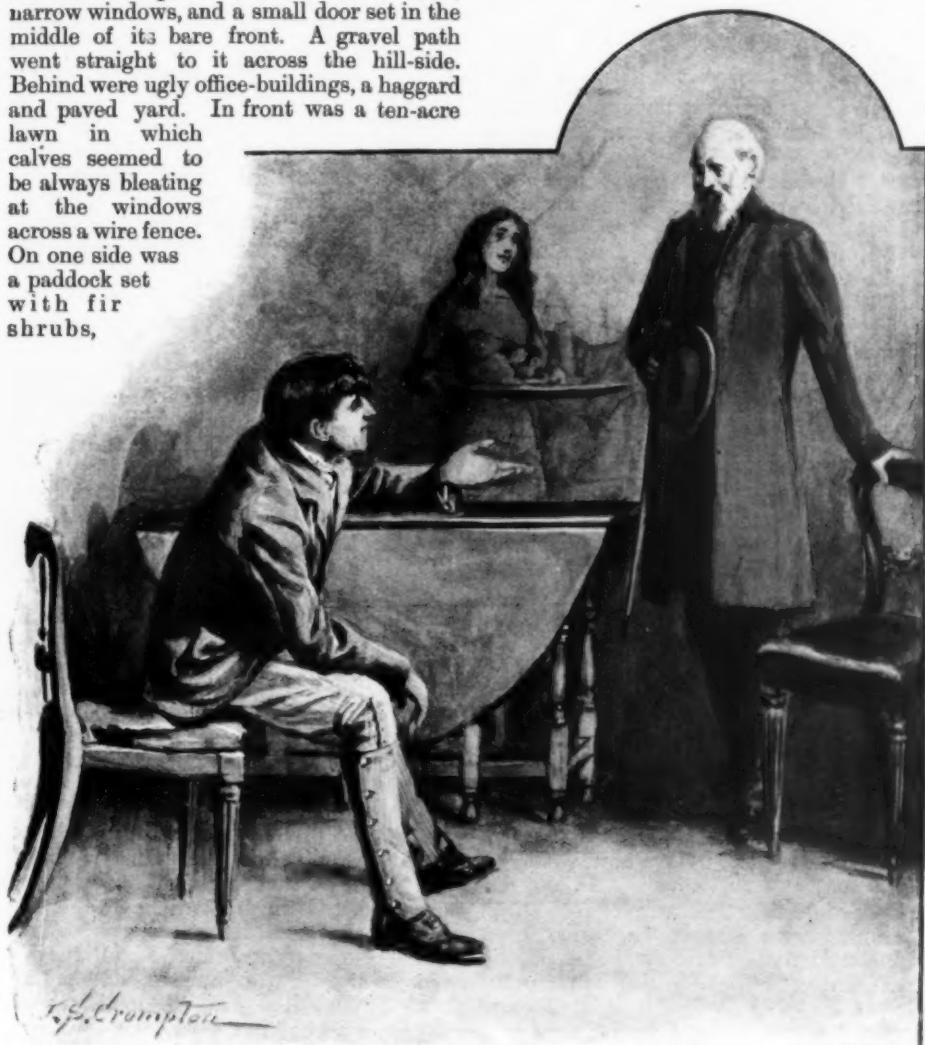
Aunt Rebecca¹

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK

I

RIIGHT on the border of the minister's parish, in the direction of Armoy, and nearly half-a-day's journey from Curleck, a slated farm-house stood naked on the hill-top. It had tall white walls, narrow windows, and a small door set in the middle of its bare front. A gravel path went straight to it across the hill-side. Behind were ugly office-buildings, a haggard and paved yard. In front was a ten-acre lawn in which calves seemed to be always bleating at the windows across a wire fence. On one side was a paddock set with fir shrubs,

on the other a garden filled with kale and sprawling apple trees; and these relieved the house from utter bleakness of aspect. Seen from a distance—and it was a landmark for three townlands—it had the appearance of being dropped haphazard



"NOW, SIT DOWN, SIR, I BID YE"

¹ Copyright in the United States of America, 1902, by Shan F. Bullock.

Aunt Rebecca

from the clouds. A farm of sixty acres surrounded it, with a turf-bog in the valley, and a river bounding it on the Emo side. In it lived a family named Dimes—ten in all, counting a grandfather aged ninety—to visit which the minister tramped wearily twice or thrice in the year.

They were respectable folk, industrious, prideful, poor. The eternal moiling of hungry generations had not tamed the shallow clay; neither had it broken the family spirit. A Dimes always met the world boldly, paid his way, supported Church and State, was lavish in hospitality. It was his boast that no man ever found the door barred or left it hungry. "Faith, an' you're welcome . . . Come, draw up your chair:" these were family watchwords. Even the minister, poor tired man, come all that way to see them, must rest and eat.

"Ah, quit talkin', now," James would say, he sitting in his corduroys on the edge of a haircloth chair; "sure Jane was just wettin' the tay when your knock came. Now, sit down, sir, I bid ye," James would say; and soon the table would be spread in the smoky parlour, and the girls would come curtseying in their Sabbath gowns, and Jane, her sharp, sallow face aflush with gentility, would take her place behind the teacups; and the word would be, "Come, sir, draw up your chair."

Then would the minister's lot be hard. For James would sit filling his plate, and Jane calling for his cup, and the girls urging between, till he smoked with refusals.

"No, no, Mrs. Dimes. Really I cannot."

"Ah, listen to ye, now; sure that cup's only a thimble. James, can't ye tend to his reverence? Lizzie, pass that pitaty cake to his reverence. Mary, send the butter to his reverence."

"No, no, Mrs. Dimes, I beg——"

"Ah, beg! Sure, it's drop dead you'll do on the way home with pure starvation. Just one more cup. Now, now, would ye refuse me?"

How could the minister refuse?

This, however, was in the earlier years of his ministry; afterwards, some time in his fifth year at Curleck, and between the time of one visit and another, a series of events wrought change with the Dimes. First, the old grandfather died and relieved them of a burden. Next, Lizzie, the eldest daughter, married Hoey of the Bunn draper, thereby doing well by herself and the

family. Within a month, Joe, the only boy, a promising lad, was adopted by his Aunt Rebecca; and there was a mouth the less to feed. Lastly, and best of all, a relative died in the States and bequeathed Jane a legacy of two hundred pounds, free of encumbrance.

Two hundred pounds? Think of that, and of the change it meant. Why, in five minutes it raised the family from poverty to wealth, from the trodden masses in one mad bound up among the gilded classes; in one blissful hour shot Jane's head towards the stars, glorified the girls in their linsey gowns, sent James stalking over his acres like any lord. It was great. It was powerful. Now, indeed, was the world a garden and life a dream. Sweet to stand upon the hill-top looking down on the fawning herd. Before a week had gone you might see change working. A carpet, bought of Hoey of Bunn, was spread in the drawing-room (once a parlour), new chairs were set upon it, and a piano that shone like new. The path was gravelled and became an avenue. Lace curtains appeared behind the windows. The gig was sold and its place taken by a car. James went to Glann and came back with two new suits for himself, a silk hat, and pegged boots; with stuff dresses for the young ladies, also wonderful hats, shoes, and parasols. A whole fortnight the family revelled in Kyle, seeing the world and being seen by it. In August Jane herself spent a week in Belfast, and came back transformed: new dress, new bonnet, beaded mantle, umbrella with gilded top, knick-knacks for the drawing-room, framed texts for the bed-rooms, a tea-set with fringed cloth, cake dishes, and electro-spoons complete, wherewith, in accordance with the dictates of fashion, she might dispense real afternoon tea.

Such, then, were the changes already worked in The Laurels, when, one afternoon in September, the minister climbed the hill to pay another visit. He was half expected, and the hill was long; therefore his knock found things in train. When the door opened no James stood in the hall, big and hearty, with outstretched hand and genial "Ha, it's yourself, minister; an' glad to see ye;" but Susie, the servant, in cap and white apron, received him, led him into the drawing-room and left him there. He was much impressed. Overhead was great sound of bustle and of padding feet.

Aunt Rebecca

"The minister from Curleck, ma'am, an' I've shown him in :" clearly he heard the words called up the stairs, and the smothered laugh that followed them as Susie closed the kitchen door. His own inclination was to laugh also.

For fifteen minutes he sat by the door, hat on knee and eyes upon the flamboyant carpet that spread away from the shining piano; then Jane sailed in, bowed pleasantly, took a chair that stood beside a little table, folded hands, and engaged the minister in conversation. She was elaborately dressed; wore mittens, and held a lace-edged handkerchief. Her hair was coiled in a fashionable pile, face powdered, hands red with scrubbing. Her talk was very small, and ranged beyond the hills in haunts polite; nor did she fail to mince her words in scorn of any vulgar brogue. *Look at me*, she said, plainer than in words; *listen to me*. *I—I am Mistress Dimes*. And the minister both saw and heard.

Presently the door opened again and one by one the girls came in, each stiff with newness; bowed to the minister, filed across the carpet and sat them down, silent, demure, eyes on their folded hands. When the minister, poor, weary man, spoke a kindly word they answered Yes, or maybe No; when Jane, anxious to have them shine, referred to their progress in music and drawing, they only simpered and flushed. Talk dragged. Long whiles of silence came. The minister sat as upon thorns, longing for the open air; and he was just about to fly when the door opened once more, and James entered—followed close by Susie bearing afternoon tea on a wooden tray.

James shone with soap and hair-oil; came trussed in his new tweed suit. His greeting was hearty, yet marred by constraint; one eye, as it were, on the minister, the other on Jane by the table. He sat down, set wide his knees with a hand spread out on each; diffidently was about to make remark on the weather and the harvest, when Jane foiled him.

"James."

"Well. . . Yes, me dear."

"Pass round;" and Jane held out a cup of tea.

It was the absurdest thing to see James, the unfortunate man, do the honours of passing round. Had the cups held liquid gold he could not have handled them more warily as, one in each hand and his eyes

hard upon them, knees slightly bent, elbows squared, shoulders stiff and drooping, from chair to chair he went shuffling; in fear, you might think, that the carpet gaped with pitfalls. With the cake dish, its wire handle wrapped in orange ribbon, he was bolder; the empty cups he brought in manfully; it was good to behold his recklessness with the sugar-basin, gliding almost jauntily from one to one, returning it with a flourish to the wooden tray. His own cup he emptied with a gulp; then started anew. Jane spared him nothing. Always her eye was upon him, and she reproved his blunders with looks that withered, and whispers hot with the vernacular. Even his little jests, his attempts to hearten the proceedings, were promptly suppressed, the ladies his daughters frowning upon him, the lady his wife lashing him with a glance; and all was silent and grim and cold. James shone with distress. Jane and the rest gleamed an uneasy satisfaction. The minister sat weary by the door, pitying James, scorning that ring of heartless women with their upstart airs and foolishness; his thoughts turned sadly at times in search of pleasant old times and ways. What a change; what a spectacle! He burnt with scorn; longed to rise and speak his mind; longed to—

And just there, even as the minister snatched his hat, James slapped his knee and cried: "Why, bless me, if here isn't Rebecca!" He hurried towards the door, his face beaming relief; but Jane's voice shot before him.

"James!"

He turned and slunk back to his chair.

II

WHEN Susie opened the door, Aunt Rebecca strode past her; then stopped dead and silently stood eyeing the company. She was a big woman with a strong face, sharp grey eyes, and firm lips. In one hand she carried a shabby bag, in the other an umbrella with a broken handle. Her hands were bare; she wore heavy boots, a black mud-splashed skirt, beaded mantle, and bonnet trimmed with rusty velvet. In grim silence, lips drawn tight, head erect, arms straight down, she made her survey; then turned to the minister and stretched her hand. "Good-evenin' to you, sir," she said. "Oh, don't be risin' for the like of me."

With that Aunt Rebecca crossed to an



"I'M WISHFUL FOR NONE O' YOUR TAY, JAMES DIMES"

empty chair, ignoring James and the others completely, put bag and umbrella on the floor, sat down and clasped her hands upon her lap. "Well, to be sure," she said. "Well, to be sure." Her lips came in; here and there her eyes went roving, up and down the carpet, all about the room, from the tea-table to the piano, from James bending shamefaced over his knees to the minister looking at his hat, from Jane sitting black behind the cups to the young ladies shrinking glum upon their chairs; and in the room was a silence that oppressed—a silence that deepened, when, in a while, James crossed with a teacup and stood holding it in both hands before Rebecca.

She eyed it fixedly; looked up.

"I'm obliged to ye," she said.

James moved nearer, bent lower.

"But sure you'll take it, Rebecca," said he, a depth of pleading in his voice.

"Is it me?" came back. "Is it me dirty your elegant taycup, James Dimes?"

One of the girls tittered; Jane stamped viciously upon the carpet; James stooped lower.

"Ah, but, Rebecca!"

"I'm wishful for none o' your tay, James Dimes."

"Ah, but, Rebecca!"

"An' I'm wishful for less o' your grandeur." Slowly the words came and with terrible distinctness. "Me own vulgar habit is to feed me hunger at a well-filled table with me feet below it; an' the way I treat myself is the way I treat another. You're lookin' foolish, James, let me tell ye; dear knows, I pity ye."

That was decisive. James went to his chair. The girls tittered. Jane's face was black. In her blandest manner, and just as though they were alone in the room, Rebecca turned to the minister and claimed his attention. She asked after his health and the health of his care; questioned him on parish matters; drew him gradually and at last into exchange of reflections on the condition of things present compared with things past. Ah, the good old times, the good old days!

"Dear me," said Rebecca, her voice pensive, eyes looking through Jane into the shining past; "dear me, the changes that have come upon the world!"

"Yes, yes," murmured the minister.

"Ay, ay," said James, his eyes bent upon the carpet.

"I'm not very old meself," Rebecca went on, "but sometimes when I look back it's just as if I'd passed into another world—a new an' better world."

"Ah, yes," assented the minister.

"It's true," said James. "I've felt at times just like that myself."

"Nothin's the same," continued Rebecca; "nothin' at all. People are different, their ways are different; the world's different—an' all, it seems to me, for the worse."

The minister could only murmur assent. James sat nodding solemnly at the carpet. Jane and the girls sat watching Rebecca, easeful now, and hoping much that this unwonted humour of meek reverie might hold her to the end.

"Even in matters of religion you can see the change everywhere. The old ways are gone, even in that; an' people, I often consider, think more o' their bodies an' less o' their souls than they used to. Everything's easier, an' shallower—everything's worse, I do think," said Rebecca, head shaking dolefully and eyes on the minister.

"Why, yes," he answered. "Well—may be so."

"I'd agree," said James to the carpet. "Yes. I'd be of that opinion."

Rebecca considered a minute, the while silence brooded in the room; then in a voice that purred, went on—

"I mind me when, in these very parts, the only minister we knew had no house of his own, an' no building to preach in, an' hardly a decent coat to his back. He used to lodge in Bunn beyond; an' he'd go from house to house in his humble way, just takin' what we'd give him an' rewardin' us by preachin' the Word to all who'd come. Sometimes he'd stay a week, sometimes only a night; but long or short he was treated like a prince. The best we had we'd give him; an' the best he had he'd give us. That was our way. An' now—" Rebecca in sight of now, could only shake her head and sigh.

"That's truth," said James. "It's gospel. I've seen the very same."

"There was one, I mind me," Rebecca went on, her eyes soft on the ceiling, "who used to go ridin' from door to door on a white horse; an' of him there is a story told that one day he came to a house where the only flesh-meat was a duck that had a flock of young ones. 'Twas hard; but what could they do? They just killed it, an' gave it to him: an' he ate it; an' when

Aunt Rebecca

all was done he steps out to the yard an' finds a child sittin' on the step moanin' over the ducklings. 'Ah, poor things, poor things,' says the wee crature, 'an' has the preacher ate your mammy!'

It was an old story, but from Rebecca's dry lips it fell like new; so that Jane and the girls laughed, and the minister smiled, whilst James slapped his knee and roared.

"Good, Rebecca," he said. "First-class, bedad. Sure, I've told the story a hundred times meself."

"Have ye, then?" Rebecca turned, her voice deadly as a spear. "Well, if ye have, it's of a piece with the rest o' your manners to say so; an' it is a hundred pities that you an' yours haven't taken it to heart. That's not what you've done, I'm thinkin', in your new clothes; and it's not what your lady wife an' daughters have done, in their fal-lals and trumpery. No. All you think of"—and Rebecca's voice made a scythe-swoop round the chairs—"is to hide your meanness with a show of grandeur. You an' your rag of a carpet,

an' your box of a piano, an' your tatters of clothes! You an' your thimbles of tay-cups, an' gimeracks of dishes! Slops an' sawdust, that's what ye offer a hungry man who's been trampin' all day to see ye; that's *your* way, now that money's cursed ye, of honourin' your own minister. Shame upon ye, James Dimes," said Rebecca, rising; "of you I expected better."

She stooped for bag and umbrella; turned and looked Jane in the eyes.

"As for you, Mrs. Dimes," said she with withering scorn, "you're so grand now that it'd ill become a vulgar person like me to bring up any child of yours. He'll be ready to come an' see his lady sisters in the mornin'. Oh, don't be troublin' to answer me," she said, as Jane rose in her wrath; then stepped to the minister.

"Good-day to you, sir," she said, offering her hand; "an' you'll forgive me plain speech before ye. But if there's one thing in the world I scorn it's an upstart; and if there's a thing I pity it's a hungry man. Heaven see ye safe home!"

On the Ruins of Carthage

BY JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE CARDINAL'S PAGE," "JOHN WESTACOTT," ETC.

I HAD run over from Marsala, past the famous enchanted isle of Pantelleria, where Prospero worked his charms on Caliban and dainty Ariel, Ferdinand and

Miranda: but by no means through "calm seas and with auspicious gales," for a "Tempest" full of evil had "put the wild waters in a roar"; yet the time was to me propitious, for was not Sir Harry Johnston, the famous African explorer, naturalist, and artist, our Consul-General at Tunis? and my introductions gave me the pleasure of calling upon him in his palace, built upon ground where part of ancient Carthage once stood.

In a lovely spot I found him, in this palace of a former Bey of Tunis at La Marsa, in pleasant gardens peopled by his birds and beasts, and after a most interesting chat over luncheon with him, Lady Johnston kindly drove me up to the cathedral of Carthage, and left a janissary with me, to direct me to the principal parts of the famous ruins.

"*Delenda est Carthago*" has so embedded itself in the minds of



BEDOUIN CHILDREN. FRAGMENTS OF RUINS OF CARTHAGE IN THE REAR

On the Ruins of Carthage

scholars, that the idea is prevalent that nought is left of the once mighty city; but the spade here, as at Mycenæ, has brought to light much of its past greatness.

A great cathedral now caps the summit of the hill, where once was the citadel of Carthage; and all around this evidence of the triumph of Christianity over the old gods, are ruins of temples and dwellings, the famous city of the rival of Rome where dwelt some 700,000 souls.

That city that Flaubert has revivified so marvellously in his romance of the *Inexpiable War* with the revolted mercenaries, Salambo and her Libyan lover Matho, help one to rebuild Carthage, as seated on the high mounds that now bury her streets and temples one looks down into vast remains of former greatness.

Now, as one sits and listens, the rustle of the corn is heard, the song and cheep of birds, and far beyond rises up Jebel Bouzamine, the hill of the two peaks.

Away to the westward loom the mountains into which the mercenaries retreated, and where, in the quarries, some met their awful doom. On the left is the vast plain and traces of the famous aqueduct, with a glittering lake, beyond which are the white walls of Tunis; on this side of the mountains nearer westward the great salt lake, with to the left of it the range of mountains.

From the summit of this hill, once the Acropolis, the Carthaginians looked out over the intensely blue gulf, and watched for their own returning fleets, or for the sails of their enemies; or landward for the advance of their revolted mercenaries. Now all is intense peace, save that the white flecks on the blue sea-plain tell of the storms that rage in this isle-watched sea.

Passing amidst the yellow corn are a blue-robed man and woman, as Boaz and Ruth of old; but just to the south, deep down amidst the excavations, are Phœnician tombs that make the mind leap back from the scene to the history of this classic ground. These tombs have been built much as the famous gate of Mycenæ, with two slanting stones forming a tympanum, and the square vault beneath it.

Stone coffins are lying about amidst the massive walls and remnants of round



PORTIONS OF WALLS OF CARTHAGE, WITH BEDOUIN TENT AND CAMELS

towers, and near are the remains of Roman cisterns, Roman walls, and a Mussulman cemetery; thus, in a small space, the history of the place for two thousand years is illustrated.

The vast cisterns that are left intact, with their pipes still running into them, are amongst the most interesting of the Phœnician remains, if not the most beautiful.

These vast receptacles for water stretch away arch beyond arch, and one great set has been opened up, and is now again used for the modern town of Tunis.

The catacombs also are full of interest, tomb below tomb, and the finds that have here been made are most conscientiously arranged in the museum.

We left these cisterns to stroll away across the fields to the north-west, to visit the Amphitheatre; but before we had gone far, that scent came up on the air that told Bedouins and their camels were not far off: and ere long we came upon a picturesque little group of Bedouin children; but we had to go for half-a-mile before we came upon the encampment, that had so vigorously proclaimed itself to our nostrils, of Bedouins, male and female, camels and asses, and their low brown tents.

They clustered around us, as I stopped to get a picture of the scene backed by the low remnants of the Carthaginian walls. Then a group fell picturesquely into line, but rushed upon me when I was leaving, and literally dug their nails into my wrists in their eagerness to get backshish.

I was thankful for the presence of Sir Harry's handsome janissary, who rescued

On the Ruins of Carthage

me from their clutches, and we passed on down to the ruined Amphitheatre, where indeed all was peace.

As we stood within the arena, with the sub-gangway and openings where prisoners or wild beasts entered, the tiers of ruined seats, and traces of the walls and arches rose up around us; but only the sounds of agriculture fell upon our ears.

An intense and utter stillness was around us, and in the centre of this scene, where Christian martyrs had suffered, rose up the marble cross to commemorate the deaths of Saints Félicité and Perpetua, and other martyrs of the Church of Carthage.

My janissary left me here; but I now had a good sense of the orientation of the

bowels, and in frenzy of hideous madness, its devotees danced around its flames, and gashed and mutilated themselves, whilst their babes were consumed in the flames.

Little children, one at least for each day in the year, must so die; no pity, no intense love for their helplessness, no mothers' cries saved them; for that teaching "for of such is the kingdom of heaven" had not yet come upon the earth.

On such a spot as this Acropolis of Carthage, thoughts crowd upon thoughts, but before me rose up the modern building, where this religion of love and helpfulness is taught, and near it the white-walled building where Père Delattre has so excellently arranged the museum of his finds during the excavations.

My introductions from Sir Harry Johnston procured me the great pleasure of a walk round the museum with the Reverend Father, and he showed me their latest find, a little bronze hatchet with a well-delineated Greek figure incised upon it, a rare and beautiful example dating two or three centuries before Christ.

Some of the figures of this date prove that the attitude of blessing with two upraised fingers is by no means an invention of the Roman Church, but, like so many of their ceremonies, is a heathen attitude.

The finds are divided into four sections: Phoenician, Roman, Carthaginian, and Christian Carthage, and various *époques*, including souvenirs of the Crusades of St. Tours.

The human remains taken from the tombs are here left exactly as found, with their vases and lamps and loving offerings around them. The Punic remains are full of interest—vases, masks, statuettes, lamps, amulets, and scarabs with hieroglyphics.

The figure of Tanit, the veiled goddess, the Ashtaroth of the Old Testament, is deeply interesting; and near by is a fragment of a Punic inscription giving the priests' tariff for the various types of sacrifices, as the tariff for masses of to-day.

The collection of coins here is very remarkable. Votive offerings to the goddess Tanit and to Baal are plentiful, and of exactly the same nature as one sees hung up at Lourdes or Auray, or any pilgrimage place of to-day, showing how unchangeable human nature is throughout the ages.



BEDOUIN WOMEN AT CARTHAGE

ancient city; and once more I climbed up to the cathedral, and, seated on the high mound near, called the Hill of Byrsa, the ancient Acropolis of Carthage, could look out somewhat intelligently over the wide-spread ruins, and note where the excavations were going on that were once more bringing so much to light of the history of Carthage, and told where had stood the famous portions of the city.

Here rose up in Carthaginian days the great god Moloch, whose belly was of flame, and whose food was living children. Children, bound arms and legs, and swathed in black, were laid in circles around this hideous god, whose belly belched forth flame; then mothers, fathers, yielded up their offspring; the priests placed them in the great palms of the god; its arms uplifted, and bore the tender living baby flesh into its fiery

On the Ruins of Carthage

In the section of Roman Carthage are some very lovely and notable finds. The head of the goddess shows plainly the gilding with which the marble was decorated, and Father Delattre suggests that this gilding of marble was peculiar to the Carthaginians. One of the most interesting things here is the collection of vases of iridescent glass of remarkable beauty.

The Vandal coins, like little threepenny-pieces, are also very interesting.

Strigils and lamps, and tablets with inscriptions are numerous. One tablet in lead bears a curious inscription, an appeal from an athlete or a chariot-driver to the powers infernal, to paralyse the power of his rival's horses: "Arrest them in their energy, their vigour, their speed," he pleads; "stop their feet, enervate them tomorrow in the hippodrome, that they may not run, or turn, nor bear off the victory."

In the Christian Carthage section are thousands of lamps, and emblems of Christianity—epitaphs, and reliefs, and statuettes; and without the buildings, around the garden court of the monastery, are ranged some magnificent statuary and columns, one great statue of Victory being a glorious piece full of grace and vigour. It was curious in the inscriptions to read the humorous request to the earth to rest lightly on the deceased; and the statements of various wives, that had nought to complain of in their husbands, whom they were interring.

This museum and its garden is indeed a place to linger in; but evening was falling; I had to leave it; and went up once again over the Acropolis, and out on to the balcony of a little inn, and looked out over



SIR HARRY AND LADY JOHNSTON AT THEIR PALACE
AT CARTHAGE, WITH JANISSARY

the blue gulf, and watched the sea-plain over which the Roman galleys had sailed; I looked down on to the little port, where Scipio had blocked the entrance with an embankment to prevent supplies from entering the city. But night fell swiftly, and I had to quit the scene, to walk again in silence and darkness over the ruins of Carthage, and—strange wrench from the life of the past—to take train at Carthage station for Tunis.



Life in an Industrial School

BY AN OLD SCHOOL-BOY

FIVE years in Dr. Guthrie's Industrial School!"

The words cut through the air with the sharpness of a rapier as they fell from the magistrate's lips, and I knew that the dread calamity which had hung ominously over my head from the moment I entered the uninviting atmosphere of the court-room, had actually occurred. I felt stunned, and a nameless fear shivered within my heart, to analyse and give expression to which would have taxed me exceedingly. Not realising by any means the full purport of the sentence, I yet instinctively felt within my boyish mind that the fiat which had gone forth decreed the almost complete severance of the old life from the new; that the magisterial mandate in one fell swoop had denuded me of all that life held most precious and dear—the home and haunts of boyhood, the companions of youth's bright, early day, and—the thought gripped me by the throat like a vice—had torn me from the one parent I had on earth, and my poor motherless sisters!

We waited some time in court; other "cases" were duly tried and sentenced, but the tumult of wild, varying emotions at war within my breast excluded utter cognisance of everything but its own poignant wretchedness.

Out into the greyness of Edinburgh streets we soon afterwards marched, but to me the external aspect of everything was blurred by a suspicious film of moisture which gave the lie direct as to the courage of a lad who had already seen eleven summers and as many winters over his head.

In the superintendent's office at Ramsay Lane I met the first of my new masters—the superintendent himself. Here also my father bade me good-bye; I thought my very heart would break with the agony and pain of parting, but I tried to appear as brave as possible. The bitterness was not all on my side, as I well knew; and one little home in a quiet country village would not have its sorrows to seek that night, and the pathos of the thought scorched me like a flame, for it seemed that

240

"Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break."

After chronicling all particulars anent birth, education, etc., the superintendent chatted in a very affable manner about the part of the country from which I hailed, and where it appeared he had often spent a holiday. He next gave me some good sound advice with regard to my future behaviour, after which I was handed over to two of the oldest boys in the school to get bathed and fitted out with a suit of the institution clothes. Rigged out in my moleskin suit, I was then ushered into the junior school-room, where for the rest of the afternoon I was, more or less, the embarrassed cynosure of all eyes.

I had porridge and sour milk for supper, but I didn't feel tempted to gorge myself; my heart was too sore, and a lump often rose in my throat as thoughts of home sprang up within me.

This was the first occasion on which I saw all my new comrades gathered together in the dining-room. The dining-room was simply a large hall, with six long narrow tables stretching from one end of the building to the other, with about thirty boys seated at each. The walls were relieved from dead plainness by some Scripture texts and a number of interesting illustrations. The janitor, a man who had served his Queen and country as a soldier, had charge of the boys during meal-hours, and at other times apart from lesson-hours and morning and evening "prayers."

It may not be inadvertent to mention here that the food, as a rule, was always clean, wholesome and nutritious. The *menu*, naturally, was more substantial than stylish—porridge and sour milk for breakfast every morning in the week. (The thoughtfulness of the establishment provided *sweet* milk for young, delicate boys.) Supper saw the same dish sharing the honour on alternate nights with a large steaming mug of coffee and a thick slice of bread with luscious treacle—luscious to lips unaccustomed to dainty fare. Dinner generally consisted of, on alternate days, broth, pea-soup, lentil-soup and potato-soup, along with the regulation slice of bread. Each

Life in an Industrial School

boy was prescribed two ounces of beef without bone, but as the meat was all minced into small portions, the chances of any young gourmand receiving his allotted two ounces were reduced to a minimum.

After supper "prayers" were held in one of the school-rooms, the superintendent and the assistant taking charge night about. The word "prayers" did not adequately describe the nightly meeting. Prayer was always devoutly offered up, and often a chapter or a lesson from the Bible was read and expounded upon, but the greater part of the time was generally occupied with a review of the conduct of the boys during the day.

All the officials sent in their reports, which were duly attended to, and "the punishment made to fit the crime." Fear and trembling were depicted on the faces of the culprits who knew that their names were in the defaulters' list. Additional interest was often lent to the nightly assemblage by the relating of some personal reminiscence by the genial superintendent—a very able athlete in his young days—and who never lost an opportunity of telling a story or anecdote which would "point a moral or adorn a tale."

At eight o'clock the bell rang for "fall in," the squad of boys for each dormitory taking their respective places, "two deep," under command of a sergeant, who at the word from the janitor marched his squad to its sleeping-apartment. Each dormitory, of which there were seven, was under the charge of an official, with a sergeant—one of the older boys—in direct command.

Shall I ever forget the unutterable misery of that first night in Dr. Guthrie's Ragged School? I was only twelve miles from my own home, but I might as well have been twelve thousand—so completely isolated, heart-broken and wretched did I feel. What little sympathy I received only made the tears burst forth anew, and the pangs of memory only made my heart burn the fiercer with its torrent of wild and unavailing regrets.

Had I been city-bred my grief would more than likely have been easier assuaged, but my environment and upbringing had been totally different. I had never known what it was to be "cabin'd, cribbed, confined" within city walls, let alone the restricted area of an industrial school. Mine had been a life as free, untrammelled

and unconventional as "the bird of the wilderness," whose sweet matin hymn, as it mounted high over moorland and lea, was hardly more joyful than the music which thrilled within my boyish heart as it drank in the intoxicating delights of country life. The whole trend of my earliest desires had been gratified in my intense worship and love of nature. To me my native hills and dales, the winding straths and wide, lonesome plains, the gurgling streams and flowery glens, the waving fields of yellow grain and the glory of shaded woods, were, next to my own flesh and blood, the most priceless treasures in the whole world. All these to be ruthlessly torn from me in the flash of an eye, and replaced with the cold, bare and unattractive surroundings of Ramsay Lane, and the *régime* of discipline to which I had to conform, was surely enough to make the very gods weep!

Such painful reflections, however, were by no means conducive to sleep, which, perhaps, was just as well, considering the hubbub which was going on around me, and which would have aroused even drowsy Rip Van Winkle from his long and comfortable snooze had he been located there.

The official in charge had gone out to a religious meeting, and order and discipline took flight during the period of his absence. The sergeant did not seem to be overburdened with the weight of his responsibility, and was even a shade more hilarious than the others. Amateur theatricals seemed to be what they all aspired after, with a *soupçon* of burnt-cork minstrelsy thrown in. Henry Irving would have rejoiced exceedingly to have heard the perfervid display of histrionic powers—the superintendent probably would have felt inclined to differ from our great tragedian! Tired out and heart-sore, sleep at last made me oblivious of everything—a happy release.

At 6 A.M. prompt, the janitor's voice was heard, stern and clear, as if on parade, shouting "Get up!" No dilatoriness was permitted, a certain time was allowed for dressing, making your bed neatly, and then "fall in," "quick march," over to the school, where faces were washed, boots cleaned, and a "walk out" for the younger boys from seven to eight o'clock generally. The bigger boys swept out the dormitories, washing the floors every second morning, and keeping things in general in a scrupulously clean manner.

After breakfast "prayers" were held by

Life in an Industrial School

the assistant-superintendent. It was a very simple service—a psalm was sung, a prayer offered, and the “roll” called.

The principal duties of the day were then entered upon. The younger boys received six hours’ lessons per day, while the boys who were at trades received lessons one-half of the day, and attended to their work during the other half. After a boy passed Standard VI. he was retained in the workshop the whole day.

The one thing which helped more than anything else to gradually reconcile me to my new life was my intense love of reading; the school library giving me every facility for gratifying a desire the development of which I have never had occasion to regret.

My first month was devoted to lessons, after which I was sent to work in the kitchen as a kitchen-boy—a sort of assistant-cook. The cooking department was under the control of a female cook; a squad of kitchen-boys setting the tables, laying out the food, washing the dirty dishes, and, in fact, keeping everything in the dining-hall and kitchen in clean and proper order. There was a lot of really dirty, wet work attached to it, the only redeeming feature being that the jolly kitchen-boys got the lion’s share of all the good things. No dubiety about *their* two ounces of beef minus bone, of that you may rest assured.

The wet work soon laid me *hors de combat*, rheumatic fever giving me an undesirable cessation from work for a number of weeks. Thanks, however, to the good nursing and support which I received in the well-equipped and admirably-conducted sick-room, I was not long in being pronounced fit for the “front” again. But, like Othello, I found my occupation gone, another boy having been appointed in my place; so to the shoemaking I was sent.

At cobbling and general work I soon became an adept, and otherwise made appreciable progress with my education. But there occurred about this period a “little rift within the lute” which threatened to bring me into perpetual disgrace with my superiors. It happened thus—To stimulate good behaviour the inducement of a Saturday half-holiday was held out weekly to boys whose conduct was exemplary. I had been caught conversing with another boy at the dinner-table—a fault punished with a stripe, given with a long heavy cane, and the deprivation of the Saturday half-holiday. I took my stripe

with as much *sang-froid* as possible, which, under the circumstances, was nothing to boast of, but the loss of that particular half-holiday was the bitter pill I could not swallow.

It was the merry month of June, and June contained the gladdest day in all the year to my folks at home—the greatest gala day they had, and it was of it that I was to be deprived for my *lapsus linguae*. I had been looking forward to it with pent-up enthusiasm, and was eagerly anticipating the happiness of spending the natal day with my father and sisters, and the dear comrades of the by-gone years, for, ah me!

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.”

I stated my desire to the superintendent; it was the morning of that red-letter day, and well do I remember it! He sympathised with me, he said; and I knew he spoke truly, for a better, kinder-hearted man than our big, burly “chief” never breathed, but, under the circumstances, he couldn’t let me go home. He would, however, effect a compromise, he said, by allowing me the half-holiday, but I was to remain in Edinburgh, and not on any account to go home.

He little knew the mettlesome lad he was dealing with, and the fierce desire that burned within his breast, and which, come weal, come woe, would be gratified let the penalty be what it liked. A tension-strung state of heroics for which I paid later on!

Quietly I made my preparations that Saturday forenoon; toned down the rather glaring whiteness of my moleskin trousers to a quiet, subdued tone—in which diluted blacking played a prominent part; gave my boots an extra polish, and made myself as spruce and tidy as the limitations of my wardrobe permitted.

The growing excitement so affected me that even the savoury charms of lentil-soup for dinner appealed to me in vain. Dinner over, the caller air of a glorious summer’s afternoon seemed to act on my brain like champagne as I flew down the Mound like a lark set free.

I never halted until I was safely within the precincts of the Waverley station. The first train for home was quickly discovered, and with heart and brain throbbing tumultuously, I was soon whirling past green fields and babbling brooks with Auld Reekie

Life in an Industrial School

growing fainter in the ever-vanishing distance.

My father was surprised when I met him, as I hadn't notified him of my intention to come home; he was delighted, nevertheless, at my unexpected appearance. Recklessly I then told him a deliberate lie—oh, the shame of it!—to the effect that I had got leave of absence until Sunday morning. That I might as well get hanged for a sheep as a lamb was, after all, only poor salve to my conscience.

My dream of enjoyment was realised to the fullest. Once more I saw the gaily-decked procession, in all the glory of flags and banners flying, marching to the melodious strains of "Afton Water," "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye," and the martial ring of "The Battle o' Stirling Brig."

And, better than all, I was home! Home to my "leal-hearted ain folks"; it was worth it all, and none knew better than myself how much that really meant.

However, experience teaches, and that the truism is a hard teacher I realised before I was much older.

Sunday morning came and—I lost the train! As there wasn't another until night I had perforce to wait. Night arrived, and with many tearful and affectionate farewells I tore myself away. An hour later I was marching up the Lawnmarket *en route* for the Castle Hill, and soon I was within my dormitory. My appearance created something akin to consternation, the general impression among the boys being that I had deserted for good.

The superintendent himself was in charge at "prayers" next morning.

The roll-call started. "Hullo! Mr. ——," he cried, his face the picture of petrified astonishment when I answered my name as usual, "when did *you* turn up?"

"I returned last night, sir, about nine o'clock," I replied respectfully.

"Oh! you did; well, just keep your seat in the meantime. I haven't time to deal with such a serious case as yours at present, I will attend to it in the evening; and," he added, his voice stern and emphatic, "I may as well inform you that it is extremely fortunate for you that you are here this morning, for I was on the point of sending two detectives after you."

I fairly gasped; evidently I was in for it with a vengeance. To postpone my punishment until night was unexpected torture, I had hoped to "face the music" right off

and be done with it, but no such luck favoured me.

The suspense of that day was terrible—I have never been an advocate of procrastination since. Night at last crept round, and I was placed at the judgment bar. I had little or no defence to offer.

"Guilty of flagrant disobedience to orders, and illegal absence from the institution," was writ large and lurid over my case. And I bowed to the inevitable.

The superintendent pointed with his long, heavy cane to the empty form in the front row of seats. That was the "stool of correction," and had the power of speech been granted to that inanimate piece of wood, what gruesome tales of blood and horror it would have told. I had received my baptism of fire before, and I knew the ordeal. Two of the biggest and strongest lads in the school were called out to assist. I lay, face downwards, on the form; one of the lads held my head as in a vice, the other sat on my feet like a log—resistance was utterly impossible. Swish! the cane came cutting through the air; I moaned and crunched my teeth the deeper into the lappel of my jacket.

The ordeal was varied (prolonged to the poor culprit) by a short, pungent lecture between each stroke, to warn other boys from crimes of this or a similar nature, and to take heed of the punishment thereof.

Thrice the air was cleaved with the relentless swish of the heavy cane, and each stroke told its tale. Bleeding profusely I staggered to my feet, trembling in every limb and scorching with the livid torture. For many a day it was impossible to sit or lie with any degree of comfort, and three long, weary months elapsed before I again crossed the door on a Saturday afternoon. Mine had been the music, and I also paid the piper! Two terms that are not always synonymous.

"Misfortunes never come singly," and one scrape soon led to another, until any reputation I may previously have gained for good conduct was torn to the veriest shreds and scattered broadcast to all the winds of heaven.

In Ramsay Lane cleanliness was one of the cardinal virtues, and rightly so; every boy in the school got a hot bath twice, some thrice, a week. It was during one of these bathing nights, when our dormitory of thirty boys were receiving the "order of

Life in an Industrial School

the bath," that a few of the wilder spirits ran amuck—playing football with a bonnet in the centre of the dormitory; jumping over the well-made beds; having a rousing "pillow-fight," and altogether kicking up a glorious shindy, when lo! the official in charge popped in—we were caught red-handed. Result: as one of the ringleaders I cultivated a further acquaintance with the rod of correction, to the extent of two stinging stripes, and the loss of a few more half-holidays. Shortly afterwards, owing to a case of mistaken identity, I was again in the black books; I knew who the real offender was, but I didn't choose to "peach" on a chum—even Industrial school-boys have a sense of honour.

I took the punishment, and was moving away when the super. recalled me.

"Now, look here," he said, "I don't want to be too severe on you, so I'll give you another chance to turn over a new leaf, but, upon my word, you have tried me so much recently, that if you don't reform before long I'll be compelled to send you to a reformatory."

I was considerably moved by the kind tone in which he spoke to me, and I inwardly vowed not to forget his words.

The fear of being sent to a reformatory, where a more rigorous and stringent discipline prevailed, was always a sort of bogey to a "Guthrie" boy. Perhaps it was that which made me "spring to attention," in military parlance, and give implicit devotion to lessons, work and general conduct.

Time sped on, and slowly but surely I felt myself making headway, and occasionally I was made the recipient of various little marks of the superintendent's confidence and esteem.

For instance, two of the young bloods deserted from the school (I was reckoned a big boy by this time), and another lad and I were deputed as amateur detectives to try and capture the runaways. We failed in our enterprise, but not discreditably, the assistant-superintendent, who had had the start of us, capturing them on the Glasgow road. Our instructions were to proceed to Burntisland, where it was rumoured the deserters had proceeded. Fortune, the fickle jade, however, refused to smile on our efforts; we had a series of reverses and unsuccessful scoutings, and latterly, in vulgar phraseology, we "threw up the sponge" altogether.

The dear, seductive charms of Aberdour woods overcame our last scruples with regard to duty, and we gave ourselves up to the entrancing enjoyment of lolling amidst the innumerable beauties which Dame Nature had so lavishly strewn around us.

A swedish turnip from an adjacent field smacked superb; it satisfied us, and even a king cannot go beyond that limit, with due regard to his digestive organs.

Homeward bound, the mad thought of running away from the school ourselves seized us; the perennial joy of that afternoon's delightful freedom went to our brain like intoxication. At Granton a ship bound for "foreign parts" seemed as if miraculously placed there to assist in the development of our dream of liberty.

"Watch your opportunity," luringly whispered the tempter, "and when dusk falls creep quietly aboard; slip down into the ship's hold during the night; remain there until far out at sea, and then, ho! for the glorious isles of freedom and a life on the ocean wave!"

It seemed an alluring prospect, especially to boys saturated with the romance of *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, and the fascinating books of travel and adventure by Ballantyne.

Happily we gave a thought to the other side of the picture: our dress itself would betray where we hailed from, and the fact that every article which we wore was stamped with the school mark would indubitably clinch the matter; consequently, at the first port, in all probability, we would be handed over to the authorities, brought back to the school, and then . . .

"Yes, I think we'll go back to Ramsay Lane," said I to my chum, in a voice quiet yet determined, "it's the safest and wisest plan of the two." And the hour of our temptation had passed.

Better luck attended our next runaway escapade a few months later. There were two deserters this time also, one of them an old hand at the job, so that we would require to keep all our wits about us. A silver crown to my fellow-detective and me was held out as an extra inducement to capture them, and we fairly itched till we were on the road after the renegades.

Glasgow was the Mecca of our deserters, to reach which, however, they generally strove in vain. The present two were no exception to the rule. We took tickets for

Life in an Industrial School

Uphall, with the intention of walking back to Edinburgh from there, and intercepting them if they hadn't previously passed that village, in which case the assistant-superintendent, who had proceeded further west, would be almost sure to capture them.

Our lucky star, however, was in the ascendant that day.

We had just entered Uphall, each of us laden with about a loaf of bread for commissariat purposes, when we saw the two culprits marching bravely up the main street—trekking it out for all they were worth. They turned and fled when they saw us—fled like the very wind, while we dropped our bread like a hot cinder (a rare thing for a Guthrie boy to do) and tore after them like proverbial bloodhounds let loose. They made a game race of it, but the contest was too unequal, and we soon ran them to earth. Poor lads! I felt genuinely sorry for them, despite the natural satisfaction we had in effecting their capture, for I knew that a right good drubbing, at the very least, awaited them on their return.

One of them grew so desperate that he actually attempted to spring through one of the carriage windows as the train was passing through the western tunnel before entering the Waverley station. Fortunately I was on the alert, felt the movement, and pinned him firmly to his seat.

I made my five shillings the nucleus of a nice little nest-egg against the time when I would once more step out into the world.

One of the most pleasing features of the school, from a boy's point of view at any rate, was the manner in which the lighter side of life was catered for. Messrs. Moss, Cooke and Newsome, of music-hall and circus fame, and the proprietors of the Albert Hall, periodically invited the boys to their different places of entertainment—favours which were hugely appreciated by the delighted youngsters.

The red-letter day of the year, however, was that on which the annual excursion took place. Various places of interest within a radius of forty miles were alternately visited. Every boy, big and little, made sure to provide himself with an immense haversack for that day, knowing well that he would require all its ample proportions to contain the feast of good things generously provided by the management. We were a jocund company truly, with our brass and pipe bands heading the column as we marched to and from the

different stations, keeping step to the music's martial strains, and feeling quite elated and happy.

Concerts and soirées during winter introduced a welcome element into the staid, sombre routine of school life.

An interesting picture was that of dormitory life during the long, dreary winter nights. We bedded at eight, but lights were never lowered until ten o'clock. To beguile these two hours often a good reader was selected to read aloud some thrilling story of romance and adventure. This was continued nightly, and was, as a rule, followed with breathless interest, especially, as was almost invariably the case, when the tale partook of the *Handsome Harry of the Fighting Belvidere*, and *Harold Fordyce, or the Young Apprentices of London*, type. Not always, of course, did our tastes run in such a groove, as was pointed out before, and many a wild frolic and madcap caper was indulged in.

That Ramsay Lane didn't turn out a few Sandows wasn't because our physical education was neglected. Football, cricket, swimming, dumbbell-exercise, long marches, and drill, drill, drill! developing every muscle of the body, until the majority of these young lads were as smart and neat in military movements as even "Bobs" would have desired. Many a strapping Guthrie boy has nobly maintained the reputation of the school while gallantly fighting for his country and his Queen. In civil life also many of them have risen to occupy positions of responsibility and trust, and I am bound to say they cannot look back upon the old days at the Castle Hill without a feeling of intense gratitude and thankfulness for all that was done for them there, and without which they could never have fared so successfully in "the world's broad field of battle."

When I had been fully four years in the school our master-shoemaker died, and as the directors found it impossible at the time to get a man to suit them—they wanted a bandmaster-shoemaker—I was appointed head of the shoemaking department. My first week's foremanship was rewarded with half-a-crown, which was a mint of money where money among boys was so rare. The second week I fairly surpassed myself with the quality and quantity of work produced, which so gratified the superintendent that he instructed his assistant to put ten shillings to my bank

Life in an Industrial School

account, and also to add seven-and-sixpence for the week previous.

I was in the seventh heaven of delight at my good fortune, and if there was a prouder and happier boy in the British Isles that day I would like to have seen him. To my knowledge it was a thing unparalleled for a boy in the school to be remunerated in such a handsome manner for work done there, so that my elation can easily be understood.

The "flowing tide" was with me now, and for a good few months afterwards I was treated in the same liberal manner, receiving also from the superintendent a present of a beautiful suit of tweed clothes, and—happy boon—the relaxation of the firm grip of the law on my liberty. A band-master-shoemaker was at last unearthed, but his coming made no difference to my remuneration, in fact, the superintendent plainly told me that if my good behaviour continued he intended me to remain in the institution as an official. My heart, however, did not lie very warmly with that idea.

It is almost superfluous to say anything here about the popular brass and pipe bands belonging to the school; they are known and appreciated all over the length and breadth of Scotland, and, the pipers at any rate, in many parts of England. Their usefulness, financial profit and the cheering influence which they exercised over the other boys cannot be over-estimated, while the young musicians themselves received a valuable adjunct to their education, which to many would undoubtedly prove a source of real benefit and enjoyment in after years.

And now my tale is nearly told. The epilogue draws nigh, and how vastly different from the regretful tears and utter wretchedness with which the curtain was rung up. The place where I entered with

as great a fear and trembling as if it had been the dreaded Bastille, I left with a profound sense of mournfulness and emotion—a chastened regret for the dear, dead days I had spent there, and the youth I left behind me. Something even then seemed to say to me—

"The time will come when you'll scarce know
why

Your eyes will fill at the thought of the hill,
And the wild regret of the last good-bye."

The superintendent and I had a slight dispute, and as my time had expired, I requested permission to find employment in the town. I was successful in my quest for work, and after being fitted out with another suit of clothes, two pairs of boots, a good stock of underwear and a serviceable trunk (not forgetting, of course, my bank account), I took farewell of the place where I had experienced much of the shadow and much of the sunshine of human existence. My equipment for the outer world did not embrace a college curriculum, but I had at any rate received a good average education, proper training, and the essentials in all that goes to the making of an exemplary citizen and a loyal subject of the sovereign.

Liberton (outside of Edinburgh by two miles) is now the habitation of the far-famed school, but although surrounded with much that goes to make life healthier, pleasanter and sweeter, the recollections and memories which entwine themselves around dear old Ramsay Lane are of such a deep-rooted nature that no other place, however grand, can have the same charm for a Guthrie boy of the by-gone years, whose heart, wherever he may be, will often revert with tender affection to the now forsaken school and "the days o' auld lang syne."



The Humour of it

BY CHARLES LEE

"**I**F you want to get at the real rights of a thing," said a shrewd countryman whose outlook on life was consistently humorous, "you must take and look at it upsy-down." In a brief, rough-and-ready way, this excellently describes the humourist's attitude towards life. The business of humour is to "get at the real rights" of things by separating and emphasising their manifold absurdities and incongruities; the method of humour is to look at things "upsy-down"—to dislodge them from their ordinary position and surroundings, and contemplate them apart, as they really are, in the light of the sympathetic imagination. Sympathy is essential; without it, humour is mere comicality, of no abiding value. The humourist has the fellow-feeling that makes for kindness; he is fully conscious of his own absurdities, and the infallible test by which you may discover him is that he is always ready to join in the laugh against himself.

By way of illustration, one may take any common object—a silk hat, say—and consider it without prejudice. When one gets at the "real rights" of it, the top hat is seen to be comic because, while generally regarded as a kind of symbol or badge of civic respectability, it is at the same time devoid of all real claims to respect, being everything that an honest hat should not be—uncomfortable, ill-ventilated, ugly of shape, unattractive of hue, superfluous of crown, inadequate of brim, and helplessly at the mercy of the weather. So long as it remains firm at the correct angle on its wearer's brow, it preserves a kind of fictitious dignity; but the least displacement—not "upsy-down," but the slightest tilt backwards or sideways—is instantly fatal. The mere sight of it careering down the street before the March wind, with its owner puffing in pursuit, is comic in a farcical way; but the humour is immensely heightened by the touch of sympathetic fancy which lends it a will of its own, and sees it suddenly inspired (as poets are) by the intoxicating breath of spring, and irresistibly persuaded to abandon its dull life of stately, unsullied decorum and embark on vagabond courses, turning mudlark and guttersnipe, dancing and

dodging in sheer exuberance of spirits at its escape from the trammels of respectability. The comicality, again, is obvious when we are confronted with a statue of a man in such a hat—like the one they proposed to set up to Mr. Kruger in Pretoria; its hideousness defies artistic treatment, and any one can see the absurdity of perpetuating this flimsy structure of silk and cambric in solid, imperishable granite. But when we learn that Mrs. Kruger insisted on the sculptor hollowing out the top of the hat, so that it might hold the rain, and so serve as a drinking- and bathing-pool for the sparrows, the humour is not merely increased by the added absurdity, it is deepened and sweetened by the pretty touch of kindly feeling.

The humour of it is brought still further into relief when we find conventional respect exaggerated into a genuine exhibition of admiring awe. There is a West-country fishing village where the "drum hat," as the natives call it, is of such rare occurrence that its advent is regarded much in the way that the advent of a comet was regarded by our forefathers—as an omen of disaster, a certain forerunner of the dreaded easterly gales. When one appears on the street, the saying goes round: "Drum beating; easterly wind to-morrow." A faint supernatural halo, as it were, encircles it. One of the villagers lately went up to London for the first time in his life, and the one thing that impressed him most among all the countless wonders of the metropolis was the sight of the London clerks, innumerable in shining drum hats. He never wearies of relating, nor his audience of hearing, how he got up early one morning and betook himself to the nearest suburban railway-station for the express purpose of witnessing the great daily procession of hats from start to finish. He arrived on the scene between six and seven o'clock—somewhat too early, as he found; but the spectacle was well worth waiting for. His eyes glow, and his narrative soars to lyric heights as he describes how presently, after an hour or two, the London clerks began to arrive. And first they came by ones and twos, and then they came in their fives and tens, and then they

The Humour of it

came in their fifties and their hundreds. For hours (he says) he stood and watched the majestic flow, and he solemnly avers that not more than three common felt hats could he detect in all that glorious throng. It was, he declares, as grand a sight as ever he beheld. You will not spoil the humour if you remember that we are all apt to cherish mistaken ideals, and that a genuine emotion is to be respected, however absurd its source may be.

The kind of respectability of which the top hat is one of the outward signs, is fair game for the humourist. One has only to take it, according to our rule, out of its "respectable" surroundings, and try to apply it in a place where another standard obtains; the result is bound to be comic. Somewhere in Surrey there is a wood of ancient pines and oaks with a private road running through it. At the entrance is a board with this inscription: "*Respectable persons are allowed to pass through this wood on week-days.*" The framer of the notice may easily be acquitted of any humorous intent; but conceive the perplexity of the conscientious pedestrian about to plunge into Nature's recesses, and suddenly pulled up and compelled to ask himself the heart-searching question: "Am I respectable, or am I not?" Perhaps his collar is not so clean as it was yesterday; dare he enter? Or he is wearing a suit of white flannels with black boots; will the nice susceptibilities of the thrushes and squirrels be shocked? And on a Sunday not even the *cachet* of Bond Street will procure his admission to this natural temple of the propertied. The humour, of course, resides in the dreadful but undeniable fact that Nature is anything but respectable, and tolerates nothing of the kind in those who frequent her society. Set a tailor's dummy in a field, and she makes a scarecrow of it at once. Even in gardens she refuses to conform; what Herrick calls "a wild civility" is the most we can bring her to, and that only by constant effort. In this connexion there is food for humour in the picture of an irate Scots gardener standing on his sacred lawn and shaking his fist in the pert faces of an intrusive company of daisies. (There is humour and pathos too in what the little girl said to the bed of carnations: "Poor dear flowers! I wonder if you *like* being tied to sticks.") As soon as we import social distinctions into the vegetable kingdom by talking of "flowers" and "weeds," we are playing

248

into the humourist's hands. Hence the unconscious fun of this extract from a seventeenth-century gardening book:

"Of marigolds there are divers sorts besides the common, as the *African marigold*, a fair, large yellow flower, but of a very naughty smell, and another sort much fairer of the same colour, and of little or no savour at all, and for that reason is received into some good gardens."

Better be, one would think, an outcast dandelion than a *parvenu* marigold, received on a precarious footing "into some good gardens." But the drawing of the social line is always a ticklish business in more senses than one. Some time ago the dustmen of a certain London parish distributed among their clients a card soliciting subscriptions for some purpose or other. At the bottom, in the largest capitals available, was printed:

"N.B.—NO CONNECTION WITH THE
SCAVENGERS."

There is a hint of pathos here. Who knows what pain the worthy dustmen may have had to endure through ignorant confounding of this subtle social distinction?

With ideas, as with things, the business of humour is the discovery of the inadequate—or of a lack of correspondence between what is promised and what is performed. Mrs. Nickleby and Dame Quickly, setting out with the honest intention of telling a plain, straightforward story, and immediately losing themselves in a maze of irrelevant detail, are comic in this way. We fondly expect at least some semblance of logical continuity in human discourse; when the thread of argument suddenly fails, we feel a momentary shock of bewilderment, which instantly turns to laughter as we grasp the reassuring fact that not our own logic, but the speaker's, is at fault. An example in brief is supplied by the lady who commissioned an artist to paint the portrait of her deceased son. "You have a photograph, of course?" said he. "Oh no!" was the reply; "but I can describe him to you exactly. He had blue eyes, fair hair, and he never told a lie in his life." Somewhat of the same kind, but hard to classify, with its delicate blending of wit, humour, and pathos, was the Cornish beggar's petition: "Give a penny to an old man that's lived longer than a thought 'a would." Surely a more exquisite reason for charity was never suggested.

Wit is usually distinguished from humour

The Humour of it

by its purely intellectual appeal; it lacks the personal, the human touch. But though you may draw the line between them as hard and fast as you please in theory, in practice they are often difficult to separate. Thus, when a man blunders into wit unintentionally, the wit is suffused with humour by the mere fact of its being unconscious, as in the case of the chimney-sweep who, in the performance of his duties, entered a room hung about with Old Masters. The dingiest of all attracted his professional attention. "Something in my line?" said he. Often the wit is in the words, the humour in the situation that evokes them. On the occasion of some projected amateur theatricals, one man's allotted part was being sketched to him by the stage-manager. "In your great scene," said the latter, "you get into a shower-bath, and pull the string by mistake. Most amusing effect; you're drenched in full view of the audience. Of course, you'll be wearing waterproof clothes, but the audience won't know that, and

they'll roar." "H'm," replied the other. "Well, for my part, I confess I prefer a drier kind of humour." The wit is in the play upon words; the humour is in the gently hinted protest against being made the vehicle of a primitive jest of the poorest kind.

A sense of humour can be cultivated, and it is an invaluable equipment for the business of life, making as it does for sanity of judgment and charitable comprehension of our fellow-men. Perhaps in a more enlightened age this will be recognised by our educational authorities. Then the matter will be taken seriously in hand, as it deserves to be; every college will have its Chair of Pure and Applied Humour, and in time everyman will become his own humourist. We shall abandon the lazy, vicious habit of taking our humour ready-made and second-hand from the comic papers, and the professional jester will be starved out of existence—a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

My Favourite Seaside Resort

(Extracts from some Competition Essays)

Scarborough

THE familiar Yorkshire watering-place appealed to my imagination the very first time I saw it. I was at once struck with its commanding and picturesque situation, its many-sided life, and its curious intermingling of past and present. Scarborough may be reminiscent of more than one celebrated resort, but it resembles none. It is smart on the South Cliff, sedate on the North, boisterous on the Foresore, yet it retains a distinct and pleasing individuality of its own. In physical aspect, also, the town is full of agreeable contrasts. At one side of the South Bay, huddled together beneath the Castle Hill, are the red-tiled houses and crooked streets of an old-world seaport. At the other side of the same bay, but skirting a lofty and beautiful promenade, stand the handsome residences of the modern watering-place. Occasionally I have grown tired of the endless pleasure-making of the modern quarters, and in such circumstances I have always found welcome relief by turning to the sober seafaring life which goes on in the neighbourhood of the harbour, or by dreaming of smuggling days among the labyrinths of Seaside, Long Westgate, and the Palace Hill.

The mosaic-like pattern which characterises the physical make-up of the town gives the keynote to its social aspect. It has often been

a source of diversion to me, when staying at Scarborough, to study the different types of men and women that passed along the promenades.

Then there is the sea! I will not attempt to describe the glorious sea I have witnessed at Scarborough, or the jolly times I have had both on the water and in it! I will rather confine myself to an incident typical of the seafaring life of the place. About a year ago, on a certain stormy Saturday afternoon towards the end of September, I fought my way through wind and rain to the harbour. The Scotch herring fleet had just come in from a successful night's fishing on the North Sea. A forest of black masts bristled above the quay, and the piers were thronged with swarthy seamen in oil-skins and sou'westers. For several hours the boats debarked their silvery spoil upon the piers. Bidding went on briskly among the dealers; baskets and barrels were rapidly filled; and a ceaseless procession of fish-carts passed to and fro amid the moving figures. Meanwhile the wind blew in cutting squalls from the south; the rain fell incessantly. Huge waves dashed with thundering impact against the sea-wall, and bursting into cataracts of boiling foam sent showers of snow-like spray into the basin beyond. Under the shelter of the massive outer wall a crowd of Scotch and Cornish fisher-lasses were engaged in dressing, salting, and packing the herrings. These bare-armed girls seemed

My Favourite Seaside Resort

utterly oblivious of the elements, and at intervals a blithe Scotch ditty would rise spontaneously from a score of lips. Such scenes as these are of frequent occurrence at the northern seaport.

A résumé of Scarborough's distinctive features would be incomplete without some reference to the Raincliffe Woods, which are an integral feature of the place. I had a delightful day's ramble in them not long ago, and could not help remarking upon the splendid variety of the trees. Side by side with gigantic oak stood the fairest of silver-birches; graceful larch trees alternated with the stately beech; dark masses of fir and pine were silhouetted against the delicate greens of lime and poplar. The undergrowth was equally rich. Red campion, hyacinths, cuckoo-flowers, belated primroses, speedwell, and the lesser celandine were found growing together in picturesque confusion; and once, on coming suddenly round a corner, my eye was dazzled by a great bed of forget-me-nots shining in a sunlit glade.

Space forbids me to dwell upon the beauties of Scarborough's many parks and gardens. Some of them occupy ideal positions on the cliffs overlooking the sea. There is a certain sequestered nook in the Holbeck Gardens where I have lounged in blissful languor through many a long summer's afternoon.

ALBERT G. WAIN.

Clevedon

ON the western extremity of a branch of the Mendip Hills, touching the Severn just before it loses its individuality and becomes merged in the waters of the Bristol Channel, stands the picturesque little town of Clevedon, full of old-time memories and poetical associations.

Coleridge and Tennyson alike figure in the imagination as we traverse its hilly streets; for here, in the old part of the town, Coleridge lived in the days gone by, at a little house called Myrtle Cottage, of which he wrote—

“ Low was our pretty cot; our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber window; ”

here, also, Tennyson roamed during the days of his youth, in sweet companionship with his friend, Arthur Hallam, listening to the music of the waves; and here, in bitter grief of spirit, he wrote the lament for that same friend—*In Memoriam*.

Objects of interest abound on every hand.

In the south-east of the town, standing back amid its own wooded grounds, is Cleveland Court, the birthplace and home of Hallam. It is a venerable old mansion, dating from an early period, and of great architectural rarity; its principal gardens lie at the back, and mount the hill, terrace upon terrace, flanked with flights of steps at either end; fountains play in the centre of the lower terraces, the lawns are smooth and green, the flowers usually perfection, and the gardens are so well protected from the elements as to be rendered of an almost tropical character.

To the left of the bay juts out a green, grassy promontory, called Old Church Hill, from the fact that it is the site of the ancient church, which stands not far from the edge of the cliff; here, within sound of the tide as it beats on the rocks beneath, lie the bones of Arthur Hallam, and also those of his father, Hallam the historian.

Away to the right runs a path over the cliffs, which extends for miles, and presents an ever-varying type of scenery, now sloping down to pebbly beaches, now rising to copse and smooth green fields; it was from this path that Tennyson wrote those lines of touching pathos—

“ And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

The stately ships still go by; the haven under the hill—the lonely path—these are still there—but he that penned those lines has long since “ crossed the bar.” On the top of this hill, in lonely grandeur, stand the ancient ruins of Walton Castle.

A mile or so to the east of the town, occupying a position of commanding strength, and in a condition of wonderful preservation, is situated the old Roman camp of Cadbury; indeed, in such a perfect state are the ramparts and ditch which surround it, the depth of the latter varying from ten to thirty feet, that it does not require a very vivid imagination to bridge the lapse of years, and picture once more a busy scene of ancient warfare. It is a large and commodious camp with an area of about seven acres; the entrance lies in the north-east corner, and is a rather peculiar arrangement, the interior rampart being curved and carried on for some distance to form a protection.

From the top of Dial Hill, on which the town itself stands, may be obtained a magnificent view. It also forms the best spot to witness those splendid sunsets for which this part of the coast is justly famous: the sun casts a path of glory over the channel—the little sailing yachts lie peacefully on the face of the waters—the sky is radiant with colour of indescribable hues, while far down the channel float the islands of the Steep and Flat Holms like enormous hulks. Gently the sun sinks towards the bold outline of the Welsh hills—like a ball of fire it drops—lower and lower—it is gone—and the blue-grey hills stand out clear and distinct against the roseate sky. Softly the twilight falls—softly the stars peer forth—and all is peace.—B. P. HEWLETT.

Cromarty

A ROUGH sea-crossing and a ten miles' drive, even in these days, keep the little town of Cromarty comparatively unknown.

Climb with me the hill which shelters the town on the sea side and merges into the Southern Sutor. A lovely walk through woods brings us out into the open again, and here

My Favourite Seaside Resort

seats cut in the turf invite rest. Down below lies the little town—the birthplace of Hugh Miller. There is the old Town Hall, the white rounded top of the lighthouse, the little pier and harbour, the red-brick houses, and black boats drawn up along the shore, and higher up, overlooking the town, on the "Kirkie Brae," the little red Gaelic church and the tall simple pillar on which stands the figure of Hugh Miller, his hand resting on the thirteen volumes which have made his fame.

The Cromarty Firth winds far inland till it almost reaches the Beauly Firth, with which it is connected by a little river, thus forming the "Black Isle," a ridge of land sloping on one side to the sea, on the other to the Firth. Sheltered by the hills which surround it, the bay lies like an inland lake, and like a lake is subject to sudden squalls which convert all at once its placid surface into an angry sea. The water of intensest blue is flecked with little white sails—red-brown herring-boat is just leaving the harbour, the floating home for many weeks of a whole family of "fisher-folk." Across the water we look to the hills of Ross-shire, purple with heather, here and there in the sunshine brightening to crimson, blue in the distance. The sunlight has touched the little town of Invergordon on the opposite shore. The tall, slender church spire and white houses stand out against the dark background of the hills, and are reflected truthfully in the clear water beneath. Further away of the blue hills, some twenty miles distant, towers Ben Wyvis, capped with cloud, and near his summit one white patch of snow gleams like a glittering jewel in the sun. To the right rises the undulating line of the Sutherland Hills, the Dornoch Firth like a glimmering thread of silver at their base, and beyond these again are the rugged peaks of Caithness piercing the deeper blue of the summer sky.

A winding path leads us on till we stand on the "Lady Sutor," and from hence we look across to her sterner-featured mate, rising abrupt, rugged, and precipitous from the opposite shore. The passage between these two lofty promontories is somewhat dangerous, but after a winter's storm the bay is crowded with shipping. The red sandstone rock is perforated with caves. Against the blackness of their recesses at the base of the Northern Sutor we see the white foam flashing silver, whilst beneath our feet, ever and anon, breaking the stillness, comes a strange, weird, mysterious sound—the muffled boom of the imprisoned waters in the caverns beneath. The most famous of these caverns is the "Dropping Cave." The opening is very small, but once within the cavern widens, and the lighted torch reveals petrified moss and stalactites. The cave is said to extend a long way underground. At the entrance an old man with long white beard is sometimes seen gazing solemnly over the sea, and this appearance presages storms and fearful wrecks! At night-time a blue light

glimmers at the entrance, and among the neighbouring rocks the benighted fisherman still sees on moonlight evenings the mermaids combing their long, yellow hair to the sound of their low melodious chant!

Descending a little, we come to "Charlie's Seatie," a flat green piece of ground, to reach which we must pass a somewhat giddy ledge. The colours of the rocks here are lovely, and up the narrow crevice on the left the waves rush, breaking in white foam against the brilliant red. Here a fern hangs, trembling in the troubled air, there a patch of yellow lichen catches the light. On the right the hill rises purple with heather, and on the overhanging crag above our heads, white against the deep blue of the sky, with curving horns and forefeet firmly planted on the rock-edge, a mountain sheep gazes down upon us with curious eyes. In another moment it has bounded lightly away and is lost among the heather.

From this "Seatie" we mount again, and do not pause till we reach the "Look-out." We have left the bay behind us now, and the open sea is before our gaze—the ocean, which, with no intervening land, stretches to the ice-fields of the north. The breakers are thundering against the foot of the cliff on which we stand. Here the fishermen's wives come on stormy nights, and with straining eyes look into the darkness, watching for the home-coming of the red-sailed boat—watching, alas! oftentimes for its home-coming in vain!

You may do something different every day, and every day is full of fresh delight. You may cross the Firth to many a spot of interest, and climbing the hills visit many a still, blue Highland loch; or, rounding the Sutors, visit the sea-caves and rocky coast, and find rare seaweed and shells. So still and clear is the water sometimes that you look down, down to where the pebbles and shells are distinctly visible. Or if you tire of the sea, you have but to turn inland to find wooded glens and dancing burns.

"CHRISTIAN DALE."

The other "Favourite Watering-places" mentioned in our recent *Essay Competition* (see *The Leisure Hour*, September 1902, p. 976; November 1902, p. 88) were:—

Port Erin, Isle of Man.	Ventnor.
Lyme Regis, Dorset.	St. Helen's, Isle of Wight.
Folkestone.	Margate.
Cromer.	Bournemouth.
Kirk Michael, Isle of Man.	Whitby.
St. Ives.	Swanage.
St. Monance, Fife.	Elie, Fife.
Weston-super-Mare.	Blackpool.
Jersey.	Ledjia, Asia Minor.

Several of these watering-places had more than one ardent supporter. But where are our Irish friends? Is there no Irish watering-place worthy of note? Not one was mentioned by any of the competitors.

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

The Kaiser's Christmas

THE Kaiser thoroughly enjoys himself at Christmas. He is beyond all else a family man, and at Christmas he insists upon having every member of his family at his side. The Kaiser does not like the Castle in Berlin, so the Christmas festivities are invariably held in the New Palace at Potsdam. On the evening of Christmas the Kaiser always takes a walk through the gardens of Sans Souci to the Casino belonging to the officers of the first regiment of Guards. Here and there along the way old soldiers post themselves, or needy widows of soldiers, and the Kaiser speaks to each of them, and takes a new twenty-mark gold piece out of his pocket and presents it to each. The gold pieces are fresh from the mint, and Christmas Eve is the only occasion when the Kaiser is known to carry coin. Accompanied by his eldest son he returns late in the afternoon to the New Palace, and as he enters his cabinet he is met by the younger children singing a Christmas carol beginning with the words "Glory to God in the highest." After a few minutes in his room, where he is believed to be engaged in solitary prayer, he goes to the Empress's apartments, where the children are all assembled. Two by two the Imperial family go to the dining-room, where they are served with carp cooked in beer, an old German Christmas dish. After this refreshment, and attended by his most intimate courtiers, the Kaiser leads the way to the famous hall of shells, probably the most beautiful grotto-like room in the world, its walls encrusted with precious stones and crystals of dazzling brightness, from amidst which the electric lamps shine out. In the middle of the hall are three great Christmas trees, the biggest in the middle to represent the Imperial pair. Two long tables covered with white cloth run along the side of the hall, covered with costly presents. All around the hall are the children's trees resplendent with wax tapers. Under these trees the children find their presents. There is also a table for the courtiers piled with gifts, many of them taking a humorous turn. The Empress is led by the Kaiser to her part of the table, where all her presents are. When she has taken

252

possession of her presents she leads her husband to his table. The young people are allowed to run about to seek their own tables. The little princess on all these occasions is the favourite. It is a sight to see her leave for her own room with a load of dolls and other valuables. In his selection of presents for his own family and for the courtiers the Kaiser displays a perfect mastery of the inmost wishes of everybody. No one ever receives any present but such as he has longed for.

M. A. M.

Kirghiz Medical Science

A WRITER in a recent number of the *Turkestan Gazette* has just returned from investigating the state of medical science among the Kirghiz of the deserts of Central Asia, and his report is a highly amusing document. The Kirghiz call consumption "Lung worm," which may be accepted; but why they call all diseases of the heart "Burst liver" is best known to themselves. The "Grey cough" seems to be greatly feared among them. If the case is very bad the patient gets a grey feather to suck. If no relief follows, his father or nearest male relative is to place himself outside the tent, to watch for the next traveller on a grey horse and to ask him how the "Grey cough" is to be cured. The traveller's advice must be followed. But still better is a soup made from a grey kid or the milk of a grey cow, only the milk-pail must not touch the ground. Maniacs and other mentally-disordered persons are cured only by incantations, medicine is of no avail, nor any other treatment. Colic is treated in a drastic manner. The patient is flogged with the lungs and heart of a black goat "until he says he is better." "But," says the Kirghiz doctor when questioned on this point, "God knows much better how to treat it." —M. A. M.

Consumption in Germany

IN no country in Europe has the fight against consumption been waged with so much persistence and success as in Germany. The following table shows the decline in the death statistics from consumption since 1876, the year in which accurate statistics were first

compiled. The number of deaths refer to ten thousands of population.

	1876	1901
Crefeld	62	37
Breslau	61	38
Danzig	35	16
Aachen	21	12
Elberfeld	164	53
Charlottenburg . . .	25	19

Here are six representative cities scattered throughout the Empire, and the statistics show at a glance the immense progress which has been effected in twenty-five years. German specialists are very enthusiastic about the future, and hopeful that in another quarter of a century death from consumption will have disappeared altogether from large sections of the Empire.—M. A. M.

The Industry of the Strangers in Italy

THE Society to increase the number of foreigners coming to Italy, which was started only two years ago, is busily at work, having succeeded in gaining the sympathy of the majority of the people, to whom it has been explained that the greatest industry of the Peninsula is represented by the foreigners. A few figures will be sufficient to show the exactness of this affirmation. The most approximate statistics of the number of foreigners who come to Italy every year has been made through taking the number of railway tickets, from which it results that in the last twelve months, if the length of time each tourist remained was put together, it would make a total of 13,345,550 days. Of these 6,787,813 appertained to first-class travellers, who at an average expenditure of thirty francs a day each represent a revenue to the country of 203,634,390 francs; 5,918,667 to second-class travellers, who at twenty francs a day spend 118,373,340 francs; and 639,070 to third-class, who at ten francs each make 6,390,700 francs, the total being 328,398,430 francs.

In this amount is not included the money spent by those who come by sea, who are continually augmenting, given the new and more comfortable steamship lines lately established with the United States and South America. A rough average puts the sum spent by these in a year at 35,000,000 francs, so that the total is swelled to 363,398,430, or about 1,000,000 francs a day, which is not certainly an exaggerated estimate. The advantage of

augmenting as much as possible those who visit Italy does not rest only in the money which they leave behind, but also in a considerable number of trades which were originally started to accommodate the *forestieri*, as tourists are called, and which now have gradually become home necessities; still it is calculated that about 1,500,000 people live almost exclusively by catering to the foreigners. There is another advantage even greater coming from the yearly flood of tourists from all parts of the world, that of raising the intellectual standard of the people by the meeting and assimilation of the civilisation of two continents. In fact, it is very noticeable, even to the least observant, that in the beaten track of travellers—setting aside the large cities—such as the Italian Riviera, the environs of Naples, Taormina in Sicily, etc., the peasants are very much more quick, go-ahead, and intelligent than in countries more advanced as a whole, but where they do not come in contact with strangers.—A. C.

Female Suffrage in Australia

THE development of female suffrage has been proceeding steadily in Australasia, and we are within measurable distance of the time when every woman over twenty-one in Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania will have a vote. New Zealand led the way some seven or eight years ago, and has had two elections under the new system. Nothing extraordinary has happened; just as many women as men went to the poll, and the experiment has come to be regarded as a success. The next to follow was South Australia, where women vote both in State and Commonwealth elections—the Federal Constitution Bill making the use of the most Liberal franchise in each State compulsory for Federal elections. Then Westralia adopted the system, and has held one election under the new style. A most important step was taken next, when the Federal Parliament, in framing its franchise, made female suffrage compulsory over the whole of Australia and Tasmania as far as the Federal Parliament elections are concerned. It is noteworthy that the women's vote extends to both Houses—the House of Representatives and the Senate. It has been already claimed that the Senate of the Australian Commonwealth is the most Liberal "Upper House" in the world—the present Senate was elected on a male suffrage basis—and the addition of all women over twenty-one to the roll of voters will further strengthen the claim. Finally,

Over-Sea Notes

a few months ago New South Wales State Parliament adopted female suffrage. This leaves only two States, Victoria and Tasmania, with what the female suffragists style the "restricted suffrage." In Victoria the Lower House has passed a Female Suffrage Bill several times, but each time the Upper House, which is very Conservative, has thrown out the measure, though with steadily decreasing majorities. The curious anomaly, however, of Victorian and Tasmanian women having votes for the two highly important Federal Houses, and being debarred from voting for the far less important State legislatures, will, it is believed, lead very soon to the two States mentioned coming into line with the rest of Australasia on the question. Whether the innovation will do good or harm, or whether, as most people believe, it will do neither, remains for the next few years to show.—F. S. S.

An Australian Silver Mine

AUSTRALIA is noted for its fabulously wealthy mines, the names of which are household words all over the country, while many of them are well known abroad. The Mount Morgan, of Queensland, is the premier gold mine; and the Mount Lyell, of Tasmania, holds pride of place for copper. But far and away above them both is the great Broken Hill Proprietary silver mine of New South Wales. Broken Hill is far away back west from the seaboard—right in the heart of the Never Never country; and but for the discovery of silver the place would have continued as it was—a neglected desert. But about twenty years ago silver was accidentally discovered outcropping on a hill; and as if by an enchanter's wand, a big town at once arose. There are a number of mines at The Hill, as it is called by residents, but none of them approaches "the big mine" in importance. During the seventeen years ending May 31, 1902, the Proprietary mine has paid the astounding sum of £7,408,000 in dividends, besides £88,000 in bonuses. In addition to this huge sum, its fortunate shareholders have received substantial amounts in shares and cash in connexion with subsidiary companies floated in connexion with the mine. The Proprietary reached the zenith of its fame in 1894, when it produced 14,054,393 ounces of silver, equal to one-eleventh of the world's total production that year. The yield has gradually declined to 5,238,115 ounces. Its lead output, though dwarfed by the silver, is very large, and has been steadily increasing of late years. The

lead yield for the period ending May 31, 1902, was 62,746 tons, which is the largest on record for the mine, and equal to one-thirteenth of the world's total output. The great drop in the prices of both lead and silver, but especially the latter, has been severely felt by the company; but it is still an immensely valuable property. And should the mineral markets revive, it is in a position to resume its grand old-time position.

F. S. S.

Labour Unions in the United States

In a tour which your correspondent recently made across the United States, he was especially impressed with the strength and extent of American labour unions. From Philadelphia as a starting-point the line of travel first intersected the coal-fields of Pennsylvania, where idle miners and scattered brass bands indicated in a small way something of the strength of a union that was then conducting one of the greatest strikes in history. Shortly after Chicago was reached the packers' strike was instituted, and much rioting ensued in the public highway. The labour unions were also seen in almost every line of work, even the tug-boats on the river carrying signs reading "Union crew employed on this boat." In Colorado the labour unions are almost despotic in their power, and have been known to force out of business at least one restaurant which refused to employ union men. In front of another restaurant in Denver, the union hired a crier to patrol the sidewalk, shouting to the crowds that passed by, "Patronise the union restaurant across the street. We pay our waiters living wages; we keep decent hours, and we don't ask them to work seven days a week." As a matter of fact, the house "across the street" was open on Sunday as well as the restaurant proclaimed against, but the municipal regulations were so lax as to make destructive competition of this kind possible with impunity. California is also a stronghold of the unions. Even the telegraph boys and boot-blacks have organised labour unions there, and unite in resisting the demands of capital. The boot-blacks seem especially proud of their affiliations, and display their union signs and numbers on their stands. Coloured men are refused admission to certain of the California unions, and your correspondent met one wagon-driver with only a slight trace of negro blood in him who, being rejected by the union at San Francisco, felt compelled to leave the city and seek employment elsewhere.

A. B. R.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

A Projectile from Space

ON September 13 last, while scientific men were assembled at Belfast in connexion with the British Association, an explosion was heard at several places in the country to the west of the city, and a man at Crumlin, a few miles out, was startled by a loud noise, followed by the sound as of a heavy object striking the ground near where he was standing. Seeing a cloud of dust immediately afterwards from a spot about twenty yards away, the man went towards it and found a deep hole in the soil. He obtained a spade, and a few minutes later had dug up a heavy black stone which was hot to the touch, and remained warm for an hour afterwards. The stone had penetrated the earth to a depth of one and a half feet, where it had been stopped by a piece of rock. Reports of this occurrence reached Dr. L. Fletcher, F.R.S., the Keeper of the Collection of Meteorites at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, and he immediately went to Crumlin to examine the stone and inquire into the circumstances of its fall from the sky. The stone proved to be a true meteorite, and Dr. Fletcher was fortunate enough to obtain it for the national collection at South Kensington. By his kindness, two photographs of this "bolt from the blue" are here reproduced, with his descriptions of them. The stone weighs 9 lbs. 5½ ozs.; it is 7½ inches long, 6½ inches wide, and 3½ inches thick. Like all meteoric stones, the object is covered with a thin black film produced by the fusion of its substance as it rushed through the air. Apparently the meteorite is like others of the same



THE CRUMLIN METEORITE

View showing the two dominant kinds of surface. The face on the right was probably produced by the breakage of the meteorite at an early part of its journey through the earth's atmosphere.—L. FLETCHER.

class, but this cannot be decided until a detailed study has been made of its constituents. Though it is known that particles from space enter the earth's atmosphere continually, they are usually dissipated into vapour, and merely give rise to the appearance of a shooting star. It is thirty-seven years since a meteoric stone fell previously in Ireland, and twenty-one years since one fell in any part of the British Isles.

Photograph of the Recent Comet

DR. ISAAC ROBERTS, F.R.S., whose triumphs in the photography of celestial objects have made his name famous throughout the astronomical world, photographed the comet which recently appeared and was visible to the naked eye for a short time. He has been kind enough to give permission for the reproduction of the photograph in these notes, and many readers will be glad to see this picture. The photograph was obtained with a reflecting telescope twenty inches in diameter, and the sensitive plate was exposed to the light of the comet and the stars behind it for fifty-two minutes. Each of the short straight lines in the picture represents a star, and their length shows the distance through which the comet moved among the stars while it was being photographed. Stars may be regarded as fixed points upon a background an infinite distance away, but a comet is, like the earth, a traveller moving around the sun, and its wanderings are quite independent of the stellar universe. As Dr. Roberts wished to photograph the comet, he kept his telescope pointing at it



THE CRUMLIN METEORITE

Reduced photograph. The stone is 7½ inches long.

View showing the smoother faces, the concavities and the crack probably caused when the meteorite struck a large terrestrial stone buried in the soil.—L. FLETCHER.

Science and Discovery



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RECENT COMET

during the fifty-two minutes of exposure, and as it were, left the stars out of consideration, with the result shown upon the picture. The extremely attenuated nature of the comet's tail is demonstrated by the fact that the star-trails can clearly be seen through it. At the comet's nearest approach to the earth, on October 4, it was 34,166,000 miles away, and its closest approach to the sun was on November 23, its distance from that body then being nearly thirty-seven million miles. During the ten days from September 24 to October 4, the comet approached the earth at an average rate of nearly two million miles a day.

Artificial Dyes

A VOLUME of agricultural statistics which has just been published by the Government of India shows, among other matters, how very seriously the cultivation and production of indigo have been affected by the preparation of the dye by artificial means. Six years ago the indigo plantations of British India covered 1,608,900 acres, and the production amounted to 168,673 cwts. Since then there has been a steady decline, and the latest report shows that there are now only 803,697 acres under cultivation, with an output of 121,475 cwts. of indigo. Methods of producing artificial indigo have been known in chemical laboratories for twenty years, but they were more of scientific than commercial interest. It is only of late years that a means of making indigo cheaply enough to enable it to compete with the natural material has been perfected, but now this has been accomplished, the indigo planters of the East are virtually threatened with ruin. By heating naphthalene with fuming oil of vitriol in the presence of mercury salts, a great firm of manufacturing chemists in Germany has sup-

plied the link in the chain of operations by which indigo can be obtained cheaply and economically without use of the indigo plant. The artificial product is superior to natural indigo in several respects, and is free from the large proportion of impurities which exist in the indigo received from India and Java. There is, therefore, little doubt that the indigo plantations of India will disappear in a few years, in much the same way that the madder fields of Avignon vanished after the artificial product—alizarin—had been placed on the market. The preparation of these artificial colouring matters is not only a triumph for organic chemistry, but also shows the valuable services which science can render to industry. Present performances, however, sink into insignificance beside the promise of the future; for, according to an eminent German chemist, Prof. Otto N. Witt, as many as 3,159,000 different individual dye-stuffs are at present accessible to industrial chemistry. Of these, at least 25,000 form the subject of German patent specifications, and of corresponding specifications in England, France, the United States, and other countries. Only five hundred are, however, regularly manufactured on a large scale.

The Perception of Sound

DR. C. S. MYERS has lately described the results of a series of investigations he has made upon the sense of hearing of natives of Murray Island, in the Torres Straits, as compared with that of people in Scotland. As regards acuteness of hearing, the observations showed that scarcely any nation had so delicate a sense as the average European. Another point tested was the highest note that could be distinguished. By means of an instrument known as a Galton's whistle, it is possible to increase gradually the pitch of the note given by the whistle; and when this is done a point is eventually reached at which no sound can be heard, because the pitch is too high to affect the sense of hearing. Sounds of this character may be continually around us, but, like the "music of the spheres" described by Greek philosophers, they are too refined for perception by mortal ears. The limit for the average European is about 32,000 vibrations per second, the number of vibrations for the middle C of the musical scale being 256 per second. Dr. Myers found that from childhood onwards, a higher pitch is heard by a European than by a Papuan native of Murray Island. Tests of the smallest tone-differences which could be distinguished showed that the children of the island and those of Aberdeenshire gave much the same results, but the latter improved more readily and uniformly after several trials. Adult natives of Murray Island were found to be unable to distinguish between the pitch of tones differing by less than fifteen vibrations per second, whereas the adult Scottish people examined could discriminate tones differing by only nine vibrations per second.

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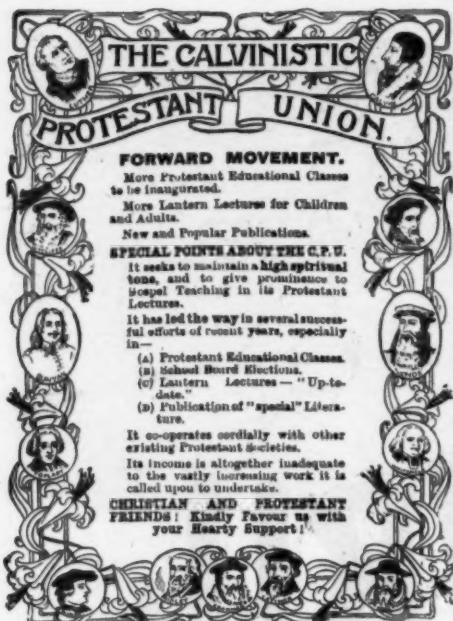
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Plants and Air

THE relation between the growth of plants and the constitution of the air surrounding them has formed the subject of some important investigations described before the Royal Society by Dr. H. T. Brown and Mr. F. Escombe. If samples of air are obtained from any part of the world, each will be found to contain carbon dioxide gas, which is a compound of carbon and oxygen, in the proportion of about three parts in ten thousand, in other words, ten thousand cubic feet of air contains three cubic feet of this gas. Though this amount is so small, yet it suffices to sustain the life of all plants with green leaves on the earth. Under the influence of light, the leaves of such plants abstract the carbon dioxide or carbonic acid gas from the air, and after using up the carbon in it sets free oxygen gas, which is the breath of life of all the animal kingdom. Plants may in fact be regarded as chemical works in which carbonic acid gas from the air is used in the manufacture of starch to build up their substance, and oxygen is produced for the benefit of animal life.

Messrs. Brown and Escombe's experiments were made with the object of determining the effect of increasing the supply of carbonic acid gas around growing plants. Sunflowers, balsams, fuchsias, begonias, and other flowering plants were divided into two sets, one of which was grown in ordinary air, while the other set was under precisely the same conditions, except that the proportion of carbonic acid gas in the air surrounding them was increased. Marked differences began to appear after a week or ten days, and increased as time went on. Plants grown in the unnatural atmosphere were denser and more bushy in appearance than the others, the leaf area was less, and the green colour was deepened.

The most striking and important differences, however, were in the flower and fruit upon which plants depend for reproduction. While the plants grown in ordinary air flowered and fruited luxuriantly, not a single flower-bud opened on the corresponding plants submitted to air containing more than the normal proportion of carbonic acid gas, and only a few had any flower-buds at all. Similar effects were produced when the proportion of gas was three and a half times the normal amount, and when it was two hundred times in excess. The increased proportion of the gas caused an increased amount of starch material to be manufactured by the leaves, but taking the plants as a whole the increase of dry weight was no greater than that of others grown in natural air.

The relation of plants to the atmosphere has, in fact, been shown to be so delicately adjusted that any interference with it would lead to the extinction of the organism. Upon this point Messrs. Brown and Escombe say:—"It is somewhat remarkable to find that all the species of flowering plants, without exception, which have

been the subject of experiment appear to be accurately 'tuned' to an atmospheric environment of 3 parts of carbon dioxide per 10,000, and that the response which they make to slight increases in this amount are in a direction altogether unfavourable to their growth and reproduction. It is not too much to say that a comparatively sudden increase of carbon dioxide in the air to an extent of about two or three times the present amount would result in the speedy destruction of nearly all our flowering plants."

Depths of British Lakes

A SURVEY of the British lakes is being carried on under the superintendence of Sir John Murray, and the preliminary results have lately been published by the Royal Geographical Society. Of the twenty lakes so far sounded, the largest is Loch Tay (14½ miles in length), the maximum depth of which was found to be 503 feet and the average depth about 200 feet. Corresponding measurements for other lakes have given the results here tabulated:

LAKE.	LENGTH.	GREATEST DEPTH.	AVERAGE DEPTH.
Loch Tummel .	2½ miles	128 feet	48 feet
Loch Laidon .	5½ "	128 "	35 "
Loch Lyon .	1½ "	100 "	45 "
Loch Tulla .	2½ "	84 "	38 "
Loch Treig .	5 "	436 "	207 "

Many random statements have been made as to the supposed enormous depth of Loch Treig, but the soundings have shown that the water lies in a basin-shaped bed, having a maximum depth of 436 feet. The water is, however, more than 400 feet deep through a length of nearly two miles along the middle of the lake, and one quarter of the whole lake has a depth exceeding 300 feet.

IT has been found that almost every substance emits rays similar in penetrative qualities to X-rays, after being exposed to sunlight. Amalgamated tin, copper, and zinc show the strongest effect. Gold, cobalt, pure mercury, tin, cardboard, wood, and phosphorescent sulphides show only about one-thousandth the intensity of action of zinc. Living matter shows least of all, but black paper and lamp-black are almost as active as the metals.

MR. A. R. MILLER recently weighed a small ant and a dead grasshopper which it was dragging to its nest. The weight of the grasshopper was found to be sixty times greater than that of the ant. The force exerted by the ant in dragging the grasshopper along the road was therefore proportionally equal to that of a man weighing 150 lbs. pulling a load of 4½ tons, or a horse of 1200 lbs. a load of 36 tons.

Varieties

Guildhall Banquets—A Contrast

THE Rev. William Philp, Rector of Ongar, wrote to *The Daily News* about the Guildhall Luncheon at which the King and Queen were entertained on October 25. We make the following extract from his letter.

"The Guildhall feast on Saturday will, it is said, be the ne plus ultra of aldermanic bliss. The banquet will cost many thousands of pounds, and will be served on silver plate.

"It may be instructive to compare the menu with those of some other classes in the metropolis, such as the East-End sempstresses, who get a penny for making a shirt, or the casual dockers, who have to pay rent and provide for wife and family on an intermittent income of four shillings a day:

GUILDHALL.

Turtle Soup.
Lobster Mayonnaise.
Salad of Soles.
Chicken and Truffles.
Lamb Cutlets.
Game Pie.
Capon Béchamel.
Pheasant.
Ham, Tongue.
Prawns in Aspic.
Foie Gras Aspic.
Creams, Jellies.
Fruit, Salads.
Meringues, Ices.
Champagne ad lib.

EAST-END SEMPSTRESS.

Bread and
Margarine.
Weak Tea.

DOCKER'S LUNCH.

Bread
Bloater
or
Cheese.
Pint of Beer."

Cutting Telegraph Wires

A RATHER novel and curious, but at the same time very effective, method of obtaining assistance is occasionally practised in Australia by swagmen and bushmen who find themselves stranded far away from civilisation. The method is to cut the telegraph wire, and then sit down beside the telegraph post and await events. As soon as the break in the wire occurs, the nearest telegraph office, which may be anything from one hundred to two hundred miles away, sends out a repairing party along the line to locate and repair the damage. The author of the mischief then coolly travels back to civilisation in the repair cart. That is, if his is a genuine, urgent case. If he has been taken seriously ill, or has had an accident, and has thus been driven to cut the wires or fell a post as a last resort, the consequent derangement of the telegraph business is forgiven him. But if he is simply a lazy swagman who has adopted this simple method of covering part of his journey, he is cautioned sternly and then left severely alone. At first the zealous and wrathful repairers used to arrest him, and, after carting him back with them, hand him over to the police. But it was found that the bush-weary Willie had not the slightest objection to a few days' free board and lodging at the end of his ride, so that

imprisonment was given up in favour of the simpler remedy of leaving him where he was. The overland wires in South Australia and Westralia, where this nuisance is met with, traverse hundreds of miles of uninhabited country; and the few swagmen who wander across these wastes have to keep to the telegraph lines, or else run the risk of getting lost. In odd cases the repairing party has been the means of saving the lives of men who, had it not been for them, would have died a lonely and miserable death in the desolate bush.—F. S. S.

Eyes to the Blind

MUCH progress has been made within the past few years in teaching the blind to help themselves, and thus to become less dependent upon others. By means of the Braille type, reading has been made a much easier task for those who are deprived of sight. In the November number of the *Sunday at Home* Miss Gordon Cumming told of the great work done by Mr. Hill Murray for the blind in China, and how in working for the blind he had discovered the means of reducing the vast Chinese alphabet to a smaller number of signs, thus making it easier for the "sighted" Chinese themselves to learn to read. In our own country the British and Foreign Blind Association has done and is doing a noble work. It secures the help of hundreds of ladies who voluntarily copy out books for the blind. It assists in teaching useful crafts to the poorer blind persons—stereotyping being an important and remunerative part of their work. Among the latest means adopted by the blind for earning a livelihood are hair-shampooing and relief-stamping. Donations will be gladly received by the Secretary, who will also supply all information, at the headquarters of the Association, 206, Great Portland Street, London, W.

The End of an Old Song

FRANCES DOROTHY, widow of the late Thomas Laurence Kington Oliphant, passed away on November 4, 1902, having survived her husband only about four months. Some public interest was evoked, and not a little excitement in some minds on hearing the terms of the will of her husband, the late Mr. Oliphant, of Gask, Strathearn, Perthshire. Gask House has memories of Carolina Oliphant, Baroness Nairne, author of that humorous Scotch song, "The Laird o' Cockpen," of "Caller Herrin'," and "The Land o' the Leal." It was there, while Prince Charles Edward was a guest, that a lock was cut from his hair which was ever afterwards kept as an heirloom. The paternal grandfather of Carolina Oliphant was out in '45, and she showed his Jacobite proclivities. Gask House has been in the family for six centuries. The consternation of the next of kin may, therefore, be imagined, on learning the provisions of Mr. Oliphant's will, that the ancestral estate should be sold, "and after paying mortgages or bonds, the proceeds be applied to paying £4000 to each

of the four children by the first wife of his (Mr. Oliphant's) deceased brother, William M. N. Kington, and £3500 to each of the six children of his brother by his second wife." The family portraits of the lairds and ladies of Gask are bequeathed to the Perth County Council, to adorn their public room. The National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh, gets the Jacobite relics, and the Scottish National Portrait Gallery receives Lady Nairne's portrait, and some other family portraits. Captain Blair Oliphant, a near relative, has written to Perth County Council intimating that it was intended, if possible, to keep the estate in the family, and asking whether the Council would allow the portraits to remain at Gask and pass as heirlooms to the family. Mrs. Graeme Oliphant, widow of James Blair Oliphant (1804-47), was eighteenth in succession from Sir William Oliphant, who in the fourteenth century acquired these lands from Robert the Bruce. The late T. L. K. Oliphant was known as an author, and published a history of some of the Jacobite lairds of Gask, as well as several books on Old and Middle English, and the New English. But the crowning glory has been lent to Gask from Carolina Oliphant, who has sung of "The Auld House," and the aroma of whose beauty, benevolence, and Christian spirit still survive. Her intellectual attainments and love of music were nearly equal. She was married to William Murray Nairne of the British Army, who in 1824 became Baron Nairne. Deprived of both husband and son, she engaged in works of charity and usefulness, and died aged seventy-nine, and was buried at Gask, in 1845. When she appealed to Dr. Chalmers for a list of charitable objects towards which she might contribute he supplied her with the same, and in response Lady Nairne sent him £300.

"Early Victorian"

WHEN one of the decadent philosophers wishes to express an exquisite contempt for something, whether it is morality or carpets, he calls it "early Victorian." That is to say, he attributes it to the last period in our history which did anything or wanted to do anything, which had any theory of the present or any scheme for the future, which had any hope or even any desire. He refers to an age which was not only so unphilosophical as to believe that great changes could be made, but so unphilosophical as to make them; an age which was not only mad enough to believe in progress, but preposterous enough to progress. He refers to an age which really believed that armies were meant for something else than the conquest of savages, and books for something else than the amusement of Mr. Andrew Lang; that the function of art meant something more than keeping pace with French book-covers, and the function of patriotism something more than keeping pace with French clockwork. The early Victorian period, probably the finest that England has seen for a long time, is supposed to have been

prosaic merely because it was ugly. The hats and trousers of Robert Browning and Lord Shaftesbury were indeed as hideous as their souls were beautiful. . . . For the early Victorian age was, in its way, an age of faith, and of ugly clothes, like some of the mediæval epochs. They believed themselves to be in a time of stir and promise. The Great Exhibition of 1851, with its hideous buildings, its hideous furniture, its hideous paintings, was an infinitely more poetical thing than the "Arts and Crafts." For the "Arts and Crafts" is mainly the haunt of those who think life prosaic and Art a refuge, like opium, while upon the monstrous structure of 1851 there did indeed rest for a moment that moving cloud and glory which over the peak of Sinai and the ruins of the Bastille promised to men the renewal of the youth of the world.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Astronomical Notes for January

ON the 1st day of this month the Sun rises, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 8h. 8m. in the morning, and sets at 3h. 58m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 8h. 5m. and sets at 4h. 10m.; and on the 21st he rises at 7h. 57m. and sets at 4h. 25m. He will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, on the morning of the 4th. The Moon enters her First Quarter at 9h. 57m. (Greenwich time) on the evening of the 6th; becomes Full at 2h. 17m. on the afternoon of the 13th; enters her Last Quarter at 11 minutes before noon on the 20th; and becomes New at 4h. 39m. on the evening of the 28th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 13th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, about a quarter past 10 o'clock on the night of the 25th. Exceptionally high tides may be expected on the 13th and 14th. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will be visible in the evening during the greater part of this month, being at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 17th; he moves on the 5th from Sagittarius into Capricornus, and passes about seven degrees due south of the star Beta in the latter constellation on the 7th. Venus sets somewhat later each evening; she is at first due west of Mercury, but passes him (about three degrees to the south) on the 25th, and she will be very near Jupiter on the 30th, the two planets being in conjunction with each other after they have set. Mars is in Virgo and rises a little before midnight at the beginning of the month, afterwards gradually earlier, whilst increasing in brightness; he will pass very near the star Gamma Virginis on the 11th. Jupiter is in the western part of Aquarius, passing about ten degrees to the south of the star Beta in that constellation on the 3rd, and (as already mentioned) very near Venus at the end of the month. Saturn enters the constellation Capricornus at the beginning of the month, and will before the end of it set too soon after sunset to be visible.—W. T. LYNN.

Women's Interests

A Woman's Book about Women

INTO the ranks of books likely to prove acceptable gifts at this season one little volume has just stepped, without any preliminary fanfare. But unlike many which have been more noisily heralded, it will not have exhausted its use and fulfilled its entire purpose when it has passed from hand to hand. Miss Frances Tyrrell-Gill has compiled, and Mr. Grant Richards has issued, a delightful little volume entitled *Wit and Wisdom of Modern Women*.

Fifteen authoresses contribute to its pages, all of them still among us, and all identified with books sufficient in number to supply a basis for judgment on their ethics of life, as well as frequent pithy expression of their philosophy.

Nothing could be better than the manner in which Miss Tyrrell-Gill successively introduces the writers whose work she has laid under contribution, saying what she has to say with fine restraint and discrimination. The volume contains 218 pages, of which the hundreds are supplied by the writers discussed, and the units by the editor and critic. Some fifty volumes have yielded of their essence, extracts sometimes no larger than an aphorism, at others extending to a page of matter, descriptive, reflective, or conversational. The result is a literary bouquet fit for the table of a queen.

It is the fashion to deplore the literary decadence of to-day, and in some respects the decadence is actual enough, but if the better times gave us an equal number of women who had as many intelligent things to say, and said them as neatly, I confess I cannot recall them all. And this little volume does not exhaust the outstanding names in the literary annals of the present day; it is to be hoped a subsequent edition will include some of the admirable work of Olive Schreiner, of Rhoda Broughton, of M. E. Francis, and of "Edward Garrett," a writer the excellence of whose contributions to literature is often overlooked because of the simplicity of the social conditions she handles.

There is no attempt at classification of the writers discussed, though they fall naturally into two groups which the reader will easily distinguish. Some find this life supremely interesting, amusing and satisfying, but the majority have something of the mystic's eye, and see the human creature as fitted for a larger arena than that in which he has to fight with wild beasts, or his brother armed, he weaponless. It is impossible to study the work of a number of our most distinguished literary women without recognising that, racially, women are teachers, and that their gospel is, in the main, of patience and hope.

To make extracts from a volume of extracts would be superfluous, it should suffice to say that *Wit and Wisdom of Modern Women* is pleasant to look at, pleasant to handle, and delightful to read; fun peeps frequently from between the covers, and good sense looks from

every page. There are times when one is proud to be a woman.

One detail of arrangement strikes the reader, that is, the apparently inconsequent way in which Miss Tyrrell-Gill attaches prefixes to or withholds them from the names of the members of her Academy. One understands, perhaps, why she speaks of Marie Corelli; of Mrs. W. K. Clifford and Katherine Tynan; of Sarah Grand and Mrs. Rentoul Esler; of Miss Beatrice Harraden and F. F. Montresor; but why Mrs. Meynell is Alice Meynell beside Mrs. Humphry Ward in all the stateliness of her matronhood, it is difficult to decide.

One of the most cheering conclusions to be drawn from a perusal of this book is that woman, at least the intellectual woman, is rising to that level of culture on which she not only acquires a hearty respect for members of her own sex, but enjoys the possession. In face of the cheap derision so frequently flung on the regard of woman for woman, the following is comforting, and true—

"Here and there, among its numberless counterfeits and presentments, there rises up between two women a friendship which sustains the life of both, which is still young when life is waning, which man's love and motherhood cannot displace, nor death annihilate."

And this shows the lovely side, even of woman's censure of woman—

"A woman only nags as a rule because the heart has been taken out of her. The nagging woman is an overtaxed creature with jarred nerves, whose plaint is an expression of pain, a cry for help; in any interval of ease which lasts long enough to relax the tension, she feels remorse and becomes amiably anxious to atone."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

B. P.—You would recover nothing by an action at law, though you would doubtless get a verdict. Ventures like that from which you have suffered are originated by people who have little to lose, and are likely to part with that. As I told you in my letter, people with a position in the literary world could not undertake to advise beginners; I should be disposed to say that any one offering by means of advertisement to smooth the way for the inexperienced, was less qualified to know what was good than they who would reply to him.

E. M.—Your verses indicate nice feeling, but they possess no literary merit whatever.

S. S.—If you will write to Smith's or Mudie's they will send you a list of their end of season books, many of which are considerably under half price, but these were in the circulating library, and are likely to be soiled. A soiled book has a kind of degradation about it: better have fewer, and these reputable.

VERITY.

Letters relating to "Women's Interests," etc., to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

The Fireside Club

SEARCH QUESTIONS

(From George Eliot's Works.)

1. Who said "I thank Heaven I am not a mouse to have a nose that takes note of wax or tallow"?

2. Of what classical statue was it surmised "I should think he was amiable by his look; but it was odd he should have his likeness took without any clothes"?

3. Whose voice "seemed to fill the room; an' then it went low an' soft, as if it was whispering close to your heart like"?

4. Who said to discourse of the uncertainty of things is "as one may say to bottle up the air and make a present of it to those who are already standing out of doors"?

5. Who had "the attributes of a lady—high veracity, delicate honour in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits"?

6. Who "had a padded yoke ready for the neck of every man, woman or child that depended on him"?

7. Who "felt herself painfully in the position of the young lady who professed to like potted sprats"?

8. What ladies objected to politics as having sundered friends who had kindred views as to cowslip wine and Michaelmas cleaning?

9. Who said "when a man turns a blessing from his door, it falls to them as take it in"?

10. Of whom was it said "she is just a pearl, the mud has only washed her"?

11. Who said "old maids' husbands are al'ys well-managed. If you was a wife you'd be as foolish as your betters, belike"?

12. Who said "I cannot bear people who keep their minds bottled up for the sake of letting them off with a pop"?

A prize of the value of Half-a-Guinea is offered for the first set of correct answers received.

MISSING WORD ACROSTIC

1. "She ate apple-pie at a circus for upwards of fourteen years . . . fired pistols, and went to bed in a —."

2. "It was parental —, sir," observed Squeers.

3. "Most men have seen my portrait at the — shop round the corner."

4. "That countenance is a stranger to everything but — and red-faced boldness."

5. "We have but a shoulder of mutton with — sauce."

6. "I don't believe now . . . that there's such a place in all the world for coincidences as — is!"

7. "She who coils her fascinations round me like a pure — rattlesnake."

8. "Like some — or Guy Fawkes laid up in winter quarters."

THE WHOLE.

"A boy, or a youth, or a lad, or a young man, or a hobbledehoy, or whatever you like to call him."

In one of Charles Dickens' stories the eight words missing above are to be found. Give them, and say who spoke the description of the whole.

For the first correct answer a prize of the value of Half-a-Guinea will be given.

Answers to George Eliot Search Questions in November number:—1. Mr. Ryde. 2. Mrs. Glegg. 3. Mr. Raffles. 4. Mrs. Plymdale. 5. Bob Jakin. 6. Mr. Craig. 7. Mr. Vincy. 8. Mr. Tulliver. 9. Mrs. Pullet. 10. Mrs. Poyser. 11. Mr. Brooke. 12. Lady Chetham. 13. Mr. Casaubon's. 14. Mr. Riley. 15. Bob Jakin. 16. Mr. Deane.

The prize has been awarded to Miss D. GARLAND, Hole Farm, Northfield, Birmingham.

ON THE BOOK TABLE

(Books received:—*On the Threshold of Central Africa*, by FRANÇOIS COILLARD, and JOHN MACKENZIE, *South African Missionary and Statesman*, both from Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d. *AMBROSE SHEPHERD'S The Gospel and Social Questions*, Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d. *PAUL FOUNTAIN'S Great Mountains and Forests of South America*, Longmans, 10s. 6d. *CERVANTES: Adventures of Don Quixote*, New Century Edition, T. Nelson and Sons, 2s. 6d.)

That charm of style which is the birthright of French prose and the unattainable desire of English penmen, makes delightful, even through a translation, every page of Monsieur Coillard's record of his journeys as an agent of the *Société des Missions Évangéliques de Paris*. To look at the portraits of the venerable missionary and his wife in the beginning of the book, is to promise oneself pleasure in reading it. For this purpose, or for adding to one's Sunday library, or for reading aloud to mission work-parties, nothing could be better than this volume.

Professor Mackenzie's life of his father, the well-known South African missionary and statesman, is opportunely published when the searchlight of research is being turned on the obscure beginnings of South African state-craft. The son of a small farmer in the north of Scotland, John Mackenzie was sent out nearly fifty years ago as a pioneering agent of the London Missionary Society. Owing to the experience he gained, and his ability and knowledge of the people, he received the Government appointment of first Deputy Commissioner of the republics of Stellaland and Roogrand, but in the conflict of policies Cecil Rhodes and his party soon overbore and superseded Mackenzie, whom they described as an Imperialist of somewhat narrow views. He then returned to his purely missionary work, in which his ability and zeal will long be remembered—retaining throughout his career the

The Fireside Club

friendship and esteem of such men as Sir Charles Warren (who contributed an article on Mackenzie to the December *Sunday at Home*), Sir Hercules Robinson, and Sir Bartle Frere.

Mr. Shepherd digs deep in his little book on *The Gospel and Social Questions*. "The condition of the masses, as concerning religion," he considers, "is a serious reflection upon the Churches," and he advises a change of methods in religious work. But, referring to the social reforms carried out to a great extent by Nonconformist politicians some thirty years since, from which so much was hoped, he says, "The huge breakdown to-day of the hopes and efforts of genuine reformers is the failure of the masses to rise to their opportunities, a failure for which not Churches, not economics, but they themselves, are responsible." "Every man," he says again, "worthy to be called a man, has in him some promise of the gradual supremacy of character over the accidents, happenings, forces, and factors of circumstances. These may be his tests, but they need not be his fate." "He is the true friend to young men who tells them that they can raise themselves if they will, and if they will not, neither God nor Churches can help them." To earnest students of social questions this book is cordially commended.

Paul Fountain's book takes us away from all social problems and introspection, to wander out-of-doors in South American forests—observant, irresponsible. Ostensibly journeying to study bird life and collect specimens, but really

"For to admire and for to see,
For to behold this world so wide,"

as Kipling sings. That he had been a cripple since boyhood nothing daunted our traveller, who for thirty years explored both Americas, North and South. In this volume (the first dealt with Northwest America) he made a boat voyage on the Amazon and its tributaries, in a fishing-boat, with a crew of two men, and four dogs who took the night watches and equalled in value an armed escort.

All the wonders of tropical life appear panoramically in these fascinating pages—the myriad birds and insects, gorgeous orchids, and forest trees ablaze with scarlet or white or yellow blossom bring the sunshine and fragrance of the tropics into a grey English winter day—as one reads. Think of the cow-tree whose sap "is highly nutritious, will mix with water hot or cold, never curdles in tea, coffee, or milk, keeps good for a week," and which "when I could get it," says Mr. Fountain, "I always chose in preference to cow's milk"—does not that recall the incredible resources of the Swiss Family Robinson, and go one better?

His account of the Ecuador Andes is a most

spirited and fascinating narrative, and in particular the narrative of a four hours' journey from the great central valley of the range, not over but actually through the mountain wall to the west. Great fissures cleave these mountains, this one being some 200 feet wide, 3000 or 4000 feet deep, and perhaps five miles from entrance to exit.

"The light in this terrible place was so dim that a watch could not be read unless it was held close to the eyes, and looking upward but a mere streak of dark blue sky was visible, even this being frequently shut off by overhanging buttresses . . . near the middle the crack widened, rather abruptly, to 200 yards; but just beyond the rocks closed together, so that there was scarcely room for us to push through. Here the rocks bulged over frightfully, as if about to cave in and crush us; and the way became a narrow tunnel, dark as a mine . . . it was not until a torch had been lighted that we could proceed. . . . Vast masses of shattered rock showed that falls often occurred here, and the passage was almost blocked by rubble and scoriae, which went to dust under our feet, dust so fine that it felt soft as feathers, and rose in suffocating clouds as we passed through it, having a burnt sulphureous odour. Everything was as dry as tinder, and had a scorched look . . . the sensation of being thus closely buried within the bowels of the mountain was oppressive, almost horrifying, I felt as if in a grave or trap." However, they made their way out again to light and safety. "The rent went quite through the mountain, the opposite opening overlooking the immense plain of the Amazonas. Such a sight! I was rendered speechless. For a more wonderful stretch of territory no human eye ever did, or ever can overlook . . . we were certainly at least 15,000 feet above the plain, and that plain was as flat as the floor of a dancing-saloon . . . looking downward, the face of the rock appeared to be almost perpendicular." Paul Fountain and his little company gazing over the continent spread so far below, remain in the reader's memory a companion picture to that drawn by Keats of stout Cortez—

"When with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

An acquaintance with *Don Quixote* is as essential to culture in book-mindedness, as it is desirable to those who read for pastime only. This pocket edition is commendable in every way, and in translation has lost those occasional blemishes of grossness which mar the original. Ill-assorted, as body and soul so often seem, and as interdependent, the prosaic and shrewd humorist Sancho and the chivalrous idealist Don Quixote travel together, squire and knight, in search of adventures, and with them we laugh and grow wise.



Our Chess Page

Solving Tourney Award. Problem Tourney Open. Five Guineas in Prizes.

A new Problem Tourney was announced in November. All particulars will be found on page 87.

SOLVING TOURNEY

Examiners' Award

PRIZE-WINNERS.

Thirty-five Shillings each :

COLONEL FORBES, Cheltenham. Rev. ROGER J. WRIGHT, Worthing.

Thirty Shillings each :

J. M. CREBBIN, Anfield, Liverpool; S. W. FRANCIS, Reading; JAS. WHITE, Leeds.

Fifteen Shillings each :

H. BALSON, Derby; N. HARROP, Anfield, Liverpool; EUGENE HENRY, Lewisham; J. HURLEY, Bath; A. WATSON, Crowthorne.

Seven Shillings and Sixpence each :

F. W. ATCHINSON, Crowthorne, Berks; J. BRYDEN, B.A., Wimbledon; EMMA M. DAVEY, Clifton, Bristol; J. W. DIXON, Stoke-on-Trent; WM. B. MUIR, Higher Broughton, Manchester.

The following also solved all the problems though less exhaustively :

DR. W. S. LANG, GEORGE J. SLATER, R. G. THOMSON, A. E. TIETJEN, F. W. WYNNE.

The following solved all, but did not discover (or refer to) the "cook" in No. 11 :

A. G. BRADLEY, A. J. HEAD, P. L. OSBORN, WM. R. TODD, J. D. TUCKER.

The following failed to solve all the problems :

W. H. HIRST, G. W. MIDDLETON, and ALLEN NOWEL (19 each).

ED. ATFIELD, DR. R. T. BRUCE, and JOHN MILES (18 each).

THOMAS DUNNETT, J. T. SIFTON, BASIL SPOONER, MISS VARCOE (17 each).

E. Thompstone sent the correct key moves to 17 problems, but a key move is not necessarily a solution, though we admit it is helpful!

Space does not permit us to print the names of solvers who were less successful.

Nine of the prize-winners gave the author's intention in regard to that unfortunate problem *Nellie Bly*, with its solution in two moves and twelve solutions in three, and with them we were at first inclined to close the prize list. But out of the remainder six were so excellent that we decided to overlook the omission of the Kt—Kt 5 to No. 11, and to admit them within the charmed circle.

If anything more were needed to satisfy us of the absolute justice of Messrs. Stevens and Andrew's verdict it is to be found in the notes of our own solvers ament the problem in question. When the duals are pointed out to Mr.

Mackenzie we are confident he will be prompt to acknowledge his mistake.

Mr. Andrew's sui-mate problem (October) :

The first prize was won by P. L. OSBORN, Newport Pagnell; and the second by MR. H. D'OBERNARD, Somerset House, W.C.

Other early solutions were received from : G. BROWNE, A. EVA, J. A. GRAHAM, N. HARROP, G. W. MIDDLETON, J. L. MILES, A. NOWEL, J. T. SIFTON, MISS B. L. THOMAS, R. G. THOMSON, A. WHEELER, JAS. WHITE, REV. ROGER J. WRIGHT; and later from J. CHADWICK, JOHN CRANE, H. H. DAVIS, J. W. DIXON, S. W. FRANCIS, F. LIBBY and E. THOMPSTONE.

Solutions of Problems

(SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER 1902).

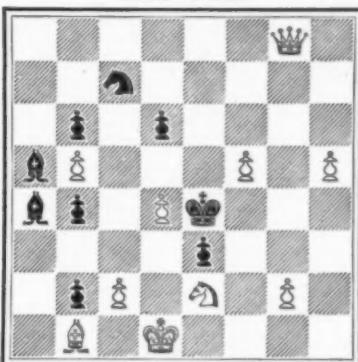
1. *Dolce Far Niente.* Kt—K 3.
2. *Ruy Lopez.* Kt—Kt 5.
3. *Fair Wind.* Kt—B 3.
4. *Out of the West.* Kt—K B 5.
5. By A. Bradley. Q—R 8.
6. By C. W. Sunbury, 1. Q—K R 6.
7. " " 2. Kt—Q B 4.

Correct "solutions" from :—RICHARD BURKE (Ceylon), J. D., J. W. DIXON, and JOHN McCHARLES (Canada), (1); S. W. FRANCIS (1, 2, 3, 4 and 5); G. W. MIDDLETON (2 and 3); E. THOMPSTONE (3); COLONEL FORBES (4 and 5); THOS. M. EGLINTON (5).

Another problem from our last Tourney.

Artaxerxes. By NIKOLAI MAXIMOW.

BLACK—9 MEN



WHITE—10 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

RESULT OF COMPETITION 7

Best Postcard on "MY FAVOURITE NEW BOOK."

First Prize (*The Pilgrim Fathers*, 5s.)—

JAMES THOMSON, 58 Skene Square, Aberdeen.

Two Second Prizes—

(*Life's Pleasure Garden*, 3s. 6d.)—

MISS B. M. C. WOOD, Great Ponton Rectory, Grantham.

(*The Parables of our Lord*, 3s. 6d.)—

MISS S. A. CHRISTALL, 30 Waterloo Road, Nottingham.

Highly Commended—

MRS. TUCKER, Ilkley; MISS FRANCES WALKER, Kildare; JOHN D. TUCKER, Ilkley; C.

HINDELANG, Crowthorne; MRS. CATTERMOLE, Chard; H. L. FRENCH, West Bromwich.

FAVOURITE NEW BOOKS

The following new books or new editions have received special praise from our competitors—

The Crown of Science. By A. MORRIS STEWART.

The Velvet Glove. By H. S. MERRIMAN.

The Vultures. By H. S. MERRIMAN.

Lest we Forget. By JOSEPH HOCKING.

Under Calvin's Spell. By DEBORAH ALCOCK.

Wesley's Journal. (New Edition.)

The Path to Rome. By H. BELLOC.

Sermons preached during Coronation Year. By CANON HENSLEY HENSON.

Life and Work of Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Love of Sisters. By KATHERINE TYNAN.

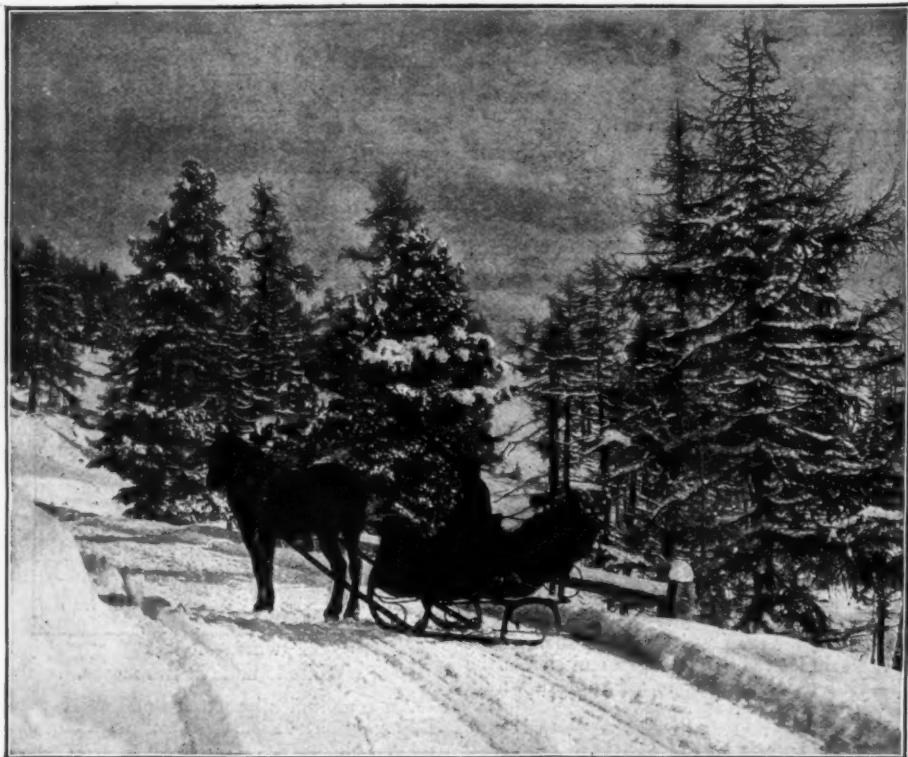


Photo by G. R. Ballance

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[To face matter.]

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